

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MARCH 19, 1979

70¢



The Sun Seekers

A billion-dollar exodus

Election rumblings





How they brought the Pops from Boston to Brantford

By Lyle Slack

On the bottom line in this story is that the Boston Pops Orchestra, under the leadership of conductor Charles Bosworth, has been a major force in the city of Brantford, Ontario, since Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra arrived in 1955. The orchestra's presence in the city of the Pops, Charles Bosworth, a white man who speaks with a strong East European accent, met Mayor Charles Bosworth a year ago last Aug. 28, demonstrating to him that the City of Brantford didn't come up with the money.

Mayor Bosworth says it's actually Arthur Fiedler who owns the Boston Pops, their \$150,000. After all, the mayor notes, it was the 50-year-old Kelly who got Fiedler and 102 members of his orchestra to come to Canada for the first time in 20 years. Which, he concludes, was first enough in itself but a matter of

some note when you consider that the concert was held on an island in the middle of a river.

Basically, how the Boston Pops ended up in the peaceful, meandering Grand River last Aug. 3 is not a simple story nor one that can be told without some appreciation of Arthur J. Kelly—a man of vision, some in the community would say, a man who enjoys martyrdom, others consider a former alcoholic, on point of fact, who got sold turkey and became over the last few decades Brantford's most notorious character and a man with a claim to being a major Canadian legend. But first, the narrative.

It all starts with the money. Brantford has a 60-year-old theatre called the Capital, which Famous Players Ltd. bought and added to their list of 500

movie houses in Canada. But this in the age of the small, commercial movie theatre, and so Famous Players announced a plan to subdivide the Capital.

Enter Arthur J. Kelly, a concert critic, sometime playwright and conspiracy theorist. In January of last year he announced plans for a "World Festival" to which he invited the Boston Pops, proceeds would go toward a down payment on the Capital. But Brantford people have grown accustomed to Kelly's grand schemes—garage-band parades, huge fireworks with costs of thousands, that kind of thing—so no one took it seriously.

Anna, continued to pelt the ground and Kelly embellished the idea, it grew more ridiculous. Not only would he persuade the Pops to come to Brantford,

The Boston Pops in following in the middle of the Grand River, even the last showed up.

Ontario, 30 miles northwest of Toronto and a million miles from Boston, he would have them play on Kelly Island near the centre of town—11.9 acres of underbrush, dead trees and garbage. In fact, at the time Kelly proposed the site, it was under water.

"When Mr. Kelly first brought me by rowboat over to see the island," Testifies, the Boston Pops orchestra, later confessed, "I thought we were all crazy."

Nonetheless, the orchestra agreed to come. "I can understand and appreciate the need for a place like the Capital Theatre in Brantford," said a Paul Fiedler when he arrived last Aug. 28 and Kelly went into action. He got Frank Drea, then Ontario minister of corrections, to allow transfer of the nearby Bertha Correctional Centre to help clear the island. "We had no idea that the islands would look like this," Pops violoncello Gerry Morris said on the day of the concert. "You people have done an incredible job."

He obtained permission to have three easements bulldozed into position connecting Kelly Island with the west bank of the river. He got Hydro to string 50,000 watts of power to feed the 360-degree sound amplification system, and Trafficville to loan nine flasher trailers to form the bandstand.

On the day of the concert, a torrential rainstorm threatened to evade the new concert site, but Kelly took the matter firmly in hand. He called in truckload after truckload of gravel to replace the washed-out runway, and as divine providence which answered thoughtfully with warm sunbathes at 8:30 p.m.

"It was incredible," Kelly later described the late afternoon scene. "Suddenly these thousands of people started to appear from nowhere. I never saw anything like it in my life, it was like the retreat from Stalingrad, and as they came, the birds were flying above, the air was magnificent. And the crowd, they brought champagne and wine and they had these wonderful lanterns. Fiedler arrived and then this wave of excitement swept through this vast crowd."

Afterward, Mr. Bosworth, wearing a yellow T-shirt with Kelly's face stencilled on the front, told a reporter, "I hope Brantfordians will appreciate Arthur Kelly's vision and spirit from now on." At the same time, Bosworth declared that, "Some people talk about what they can do, Arthur Kelly delivers. On the credibility scale of zero to 10, Arthur rates a 10." Mayor Bosworth stood on the podium and told the thousands of

spectators that Kelly had accomplished a "miracle."

And then the crowd shouted, "We want Arthur, we want Arthur," and the Pops played Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture and Yes Light Up My Life and an interview. Mayor Bosworth's wife presented Fiedler with a green bow carved by Brad Logan of Okimowick and when it was all over everyone was asked to sit peacefully in the warm summer darkness while Fiedler and the orchestra left immediately for Toronto International Airport. Finally, around 10:30 p.m. after what was later described by many as a night of "magic," the thousands left without, according to Inspector Gordon Stoenman of the Brantford City Police, causing any traffic snarl.

For the next few days reaction was one of unadorned euphoria. The Brantford Reporter declared that, "Those who had doubted that the concert would actually materialize and questioned the credibility of the site were proven wrong and Kelly's boasts of predictions were vindicated." William Kotler wrote in The Toronto Star that,

pay off the Pops. The orchestra, said Kelly, was that another 20,000 people had enjoyed the concert without paying.

An editor of the Reporter later described them as Kelly's "lost divas" and observed that, "They must have vanished into the river. I really don't think there are that many dishonest people in the city, even mind who want to see the Boston Pops."

The day after the concert, Inspector Stoenman told newsmen that "the officers on duty took periodic counts" at the concert, "and most of them set attendance at 90,000." (In the fall of 1986, recent police estimates dropped as low as 10,000. The point is, a lot of people didn't pay.)

How did the phantom gate-crashers get in?

The answer, according to Kelly, was that Mayor Bosworth had promised to meet some friends along the west bank



Kelly indicates the "stage" where the Pops would play for Brantford a man of vision.

"Talking Fiedler into giving a concert on such a site represented as even greater coup. Under doctor's orders, the octogenarian maestro has cancelled almost all his out-of-Boston concerts this summer and his physicians told him not to return to Brantford." Contemporary letters flowed into the Reporter.

Then things began to fall apart. On Aug. 9, Kelly confirmed that the total number of tickets sold was 24,702, which did not bring in enough money to

of the Grand River to fund the concert into the hands of Kelly's "lost divas." Or perhaps he said "no fencing" it didn't materialize.

Bosworth was adamant in response: "I never talked to Mr. Kelly about any new fence, that's totally false. He was responsible and there's no point in saying someone else should be. And it was I do the orchestra any good to see the city."

Which raises the question of just why Testifies and the Pops are planning such a feat.

Kelly confirms that he had agreed to

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pay Topleys the remaining \$81,975 the day of the concert. He also admits he didn't have the money when Topleys asked for it. Kelly, Topleys, Mayor Bowen, and Alderman Bill Tonell were all standing on the west bank of the Grand River looking at the inland fall of people when the conversation took place.

One version of that conversation has the mayor promising that "the money will be in Boston tomorrow morning," while another has him telling Topleys that Kelly would provide the money the next day, and admitting no responsibility for Brantford. While Kelly supports the first version of the conversation, he

on the day of the concert had praised Kelly for performing a "miracle," voted against the motion.

In December a Toronto law firm representing the Boston Pops threatened legal action against the City of Brantford unless arrangements to reimburse the orchestra were started immediately.

Six weeks to the day after the concert, a tribute was held for Kelly at Brantford Golf and Country Club. One of the invited guests who did not show was Edward de Borchmold. John Seawley, the peppy, stadium-looking alderman who organized the tribute, recalls with a smile how he had thought Kelly was missing just a bit when he had sug-

gested Brantford as headquarters and a hand-wound Bell & Howell camera. Kelly produced what would now be called a documentary, combining newsreel and fictional footage.

The *Most Gallant Affair* charged that the invasion was riddled with banders in the planning and, most damaging of all, that the Germans had been tipped off and were waiting for the Canadians when they landed.

Reaction was violent. Kelly was ridiculed in the press. The day of the film's premiere in Toronto, police closed and searched the Carleton Theatre because of a bomb threat. Bombs were hurled through the front window of Kelly's home, the fires on his car were slashed.

Eleven years later, ABC-TV ran a documentary about Dieppe, confirming the very things Kelly had been vilified for "his effort." Toronto Star critic Nathan Cohen wrote the next day, "the ABC-TV program simply in a formal acknowledgment of the truth of a film Kelly made 11 years earlier, and which was heatedly denounced at that time precisely because it told the truth." The film is now in the Canadian National Film Archives.

After the scoring experience with the Dieppe film, Kelly formed the Canadian National Theatre in Brantford and over the last 11 years has written, produced and directed 16 plays.

At the end of the tribute, Kelly rose to speak. Looking fit in a black suit and white hair, he regaled the crowd with wit and sobriety. He thanked his "dear suffering" wife Doris and the Canadian Legion and everyone stood to clap and cheer after he was finished.

The tribute was, in a way, a night of magic to match Aug. 3. But like that evening to mate on the river, it was rooted not in some notion of what men wish but in the kind of quietly heroic reality which is possible when men believe in themselves.

To be sure, the verdict is mixed. The satirical *Expositor* editor thinks Kelly suffers from delusion, but then there is no love lost between Kelly and *The Brantford Expositor*.

"Let's be honest about it," Kelly once said, "unless you have a sick mother to support, why the hell would you work at *The Brantford Expositor*?"

Kelly's 25-year-old daughter, Susan, a poised girl with a classically pretty face, has an obvious deep affection for her father and a simple insight that may say everything there is, ever, to say about Arthur J. Kelly.

"As easy as it sounds, he's not afraid to follow a dream. I mean, the things he does are the things most other people only dream of."



Fidler wants the better: It was a lovely concert, but could we have our money now?

maintains that it is his debt and he will pay it, though he is now "flat broke." Bob Martin is a tall, slightly awkward free-lance news photographer for local TV stations. "What disturbed a lot of people," he says, "was the way the mayor acted on the night of the concert. He got up there and acted like he was master of ceremonies. And that's why the Fidler people took it almost for granted that the city would accept responsibility for the concert."

On Monday, Aug. 11, city council met to discuss a proposal that council initiate a fund-raising drive to help pay the debt. It was defeated by a vote of 10 to 1.

Alderman Stanbridge, who on the day of the concert had given Kelly a credibility rating of 10, said he thought a drive should be conducted by private interests, and voted against the motion.

Alderman Brennan, who on the day of the concert said she hoped Brantfordians would appreciate Arthur Kelly's efforts more, said, "I have a great many reservations as to the city becoming involved in the fund-raising, and voted against the motion. Mayor Bowen, who

opened inviting the British Spaniards. That was before Rothchild replied saying his invitation had been delayed in the mails and that, 'I regret that I was unable to be present, and perhaps you would pass this on to Mr. Kelly personally.'"

It turns out that Rothchild is an admirer of the Abbey at Monte Cassino, one of the two documentary films Kelly made about the Second World War. It was in 1944, as he lay in Toronto's St. Mary's Hospital suffering from a recurrence of the wartime back injury, memories of the European front flooding his mind, that Kelly decided to make his first documentary, an examination of the end at Dieppe.

On Aug. 19, 1944, Canadian troops assaulted the French coast at the small Normandy port, nearly 4,000 of the 4,962 men sent into battle were either killed or captured, and most of those who made it back to England were wounded.

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There he was, cringing: a telephone in one hand, a cigarette in the other and a coughing fit in between. The blizzarding of publishers is done in a special way, known only to writers, and Hugh Garner, once a chairboy, finds it with ease. "That croak That god-darned croak," says the voice that has been honored in a cement statue. "He's been gyping me out of royalties for years and now he's trying to screw me again."

Garner had just been told fourth-hand in late January what he should have been told firsthand in early November: that shooting had started in Toronto as a movie based on his first mystery novel, *The Six Shooter*. According to Garner, under the terms of a 30-page contract for 22 pages as he describes it is a no-lower limit, he and the publisher (Simon and Schuster) should have received payments at the beginning and end of shooting. Not only had Garner not received a cent but he hadn't even been told that his book was going to be a movie.

It was 30 years ago this month that Garner first had a novel published (Shore, Bloor) and ever since, when he hasn't been pilking middle-class pretensions, he has been taking roundhouse swings at editors and publishers. "Only the laws of Hell and slander prevent me from naming the idiotic editors it has been my misfortune to write for," he has said. "Their lack of understanding, their lack of proficiency, their disregard for writers . . . in letters, or others."

Garner, on his soft and sober days, and now at age 66, says he never really meant all those terrible words, but what exactly there may have been never listed. And so it was, like the 190th issue of a movie, with the sage of the blizzards of his book.

Within days, the claqueurs were in the mail (the publisher had dutifully filed them away, awaiting the semi-annual royalty payment). Garner had had lunch with the producer, been invited to see the unedited rushes and had received an apology. The man he had been calling a croak was now "at least a nice croak," said Garner, who couldn't help adding that "of course all publishers are croaks anyway."

Veterans, back in uniform, the old soldier (Second World War and Spanish civil war) was chuckling. He had de-

Hugh Garner: still touchy after all these years

By Wayne Clark



Garner at 66: 10 novels, about 100 short stories, 432 articles and countless drinks

clined the offer to see the unedited rushes but would see the final version. And if he hated it? "Well, they violated the contract. I can still pull the plug on the whole shmirka anytime I want," threatens Garner with more bravado than accuracy.

Not that he's likely to bargain. Garner won't say how much money is involved, but this is the first time the money purchases of film rights to his works have actually led to a movie.

"In fact," says Robin Braun, a managing editor of McGraw-Hill Ryerson, Garner's hardcover publisher, "Hugh often jokes that he hopes they never make movies of his work so he can keep selling the option every six months. I know he's sold a lot of them."

The movie, directed by George Mendelsohn, was made by Kri-Kal Productions Inc. of Toronto for just under \$2 million and is scheduled for release in Canada and the United States in July. The cast includes Richard Gere as Garner's

Inspector Walter McDevitt, a sequel, a composer Paul Williams, Linda Sorenson, Belinda J. Montgomery and Mesquite Mercurio.

The film is tentatively called *Shore Cold Dead* because, according to Garner, an American distributor objected to the words "kill" and "murder" being in the same title, unlike the 70,000 readers who bought the book (now out of print but scheduled to be reissued in April).

Garner says that a lot of the creative fervor has gone, that these days he's writing more or less out of a sense of duty. "With the old-age pension I've got enough money to do till I die. I'm not concerned with selling anything. I just sit like a goddamned spider and let the film come to me. I don't have to flog anything."

Throughout 1978 the fires were laid as they are to steady surges of paper in summer. It had been a year of little writing and a lot of drinking. Two of his fingers had left him hospitalized (as they have done some 26 other times in his life), yet he had three—or depending on how you look at it, four—books published: *Murder*

Men Four Number, which is also being published in paperback this month, *Columbo*, his best-known novel, is a special printing for big schools and colleges, and the 758-page *A Hugh Garner Omnibus*, which the publisher, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, believes to be the most comprehensive collection of a long Canadian writer's work ever produced.

Perhaps Canada's best-known drinker since Sir John A. Macdonald, Garner never smokes when he's writing—and vice versa, as happened last year. However, he went months without a drop after coming out of hospital in late November and was quickly in the process of finishing another book. He drinks out of elation, often starting after completing a work and writing, he says, is his therapy.

The new book is his fourth mystery. "They're a cop-out but they're fun," Garner says. "It's a bit like strutting money." Although the mysteries have sold well (sales of *Death in Den Mills* are now over 75,000), Garner's reputation (writing reputation) never really

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from his early novels and especially his short stories. His first collection, *The Yellow Swallow*, is the one Garner and many critics prefer but it was *Howl*, Garner's first short story that won the Governor-General's Award for Fiction in 1962. (When George Vancouver said he had read the stories, Garner says he couldn't resist asking if he had read them all. Garner left the desk with a glare from Madame Vancouver and without an answer.)

His first novel had come out 14 years earlier while Garner was into almost his third year of trying to sell *Calibog*. "I don't forget, nor will I ever," Garner has written of that time, "the little stupid bastards who made my believing years as a writer even harder than they would normally have been. A pen in all of them."

Despite the curse and the cursing, publishers kept buying his work, to the

Garner at work. "I just sit like a goddamned reader and let the flux come to me."

extent that the bibliography in last year's *Owens* runs for three pages in big type. Altogether Garner's output includes 48 novels, about 180 short stories (one of which, *One, Two, Three Let the Indians*, has been reprinted, broadcast, anthologized and translated 10 times), a collection of humorous essays (*Laibao Laibao*), what Robert Fulford, editor of *Saturday Night* and an admirer of Garner's short stories, calls "possibly one of the worst books ever published in Canada"), an autobiography (*One Doomed Thing After Another*), a trilogy of stage plays, scores of radio and television adaptations, 80 appearances in anthologies, textbooks and translations, 488 magazine articles and four company histories.

Of all Garner's bottles—they have

ranged from furiously shredding a manuscript in front of an editor to snuffing another with a 15-minute drinking monologue under the mistaken impression that a story had been rejected—the funnest was with Jack McClelland who published in 1982 what Garner feels is his best novel, *Silence on the Shore*.

"To get so publicly and that's what made me mad," says Garner, "and that's why I told McClelland I'd never publish another book of mine." To get out of his contract with McClelland and Stewart, who had first look at his next work, Garner dumped on them a collection of stories he knew they would reject.

"Gremlins had gotten into the act," says McClelland, "and the book just wasn't well published. It did very poorly and Hugh's feeling was that I had intensely suppressed the book because he knew I wasn't really enthusiastic about it. Well I'm not that stupid. I'd have been hating myself as much as I was hating him. I don't blame him for feeling the way he did but I do blame him for attributing the wrong reason to it. He's a very good writer but I just don't think that was his best book."

Garner himself hasn't always followed through on promotion engagements. Three times last year alone he had to cancel TV appearances because he was drinking, or as Robin Brass at McEwan-Hill Ryerson puts it, "not free."

"But so long as he's between bottles," says Brass, "he's very good. He's also a good businessman. He's been making his living completely from writing and there aren't that many people in Canada who can make that sort, and he was doing it before many of these were born."

Although never one to doubt his judgment of his own work, Garner has also never hesitated to try to fix what he knew wasn't good.

Robert Weaver, who Garner says has done more for the short story than anyone in Canada, is the CBC's executive producer for literary projects on radio. He recalls Garner sending him "a lot of stories that I might tentatively describe as being out of the bottom drawer. He was trying me on. I used to tell him and say I wasn't a good Garner story and not a bad one, and he'd take it very well."

Like the man himself, says Robert Weaver, Garner's writing is emotional and direct. "I think one of the reasons he's continued to be popular is that he's an accessible kind of writer. You have the feeling that you're not dealing with a literary giant, but with a real writer." ☐



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The traditional, heavily-toting St. Bernard never caught on as a rescue worker in the Canadian Rockies. However, the brave and loyal German Shepherd is finding its place in mountain emergencies like this year's extraordinary rash of avalanches—shot place, often enough, being in a harness 50 feet below a hovering helicopter.

Jasper National Park's Alf Bernstein was the first warden to train an Alaskan to search out buried avalanche victims; in nine years, his Ginger has uncovered seven or eight victims. Ginger's success has prompted the warden service to equip its canine staff and now rescue dog Nekeas works under trainer Jack Waldeck in Lake Louise and Fawn, handled by dog master Earl Skjensberg, is based in Banff.

Rescue teams mount about 70 major operations annually around Banff where Fawn, a big-chested, 96-pound male works year-round, trailing lost children, hikers and skiers caught by slides. Even in five or six feet of snow, he often can find its moment what human searchers would take hours to locate.

Fawn and Skjensberg may travel to the scene by helicopter, but there are times when, because of the terrain or snow conditions, the vehicle can't land. For these occasions Fawn wears his own flying suit, a canvas coat with straps that hook onto ropes dangling from the helicopter, and dog and handler are hoisted to the ground together. Fawn also has a knee-catch helmet and goggles to protect his eyes and ears from the cold, but "usually he just looks

head under my arm as we're flying," says Skjensberg.

So far none of the dogs has been able to save the life of a skier caught in an avalanche; the problem is to get to a buried victim in time. Fawn was on the scene within 30 minutes of the slide that buried seven skiers near Golden, B.C., last month, but the victims had been killed outright. He also took part in the search for the bodies of two skiers killed in Kootenay National Park later in the month. Near-miss rescues can be disappointing, but as Alf Bernstein says after nine years: "If we could just get one out alive, it would all be worthwhile."

—Suzanne Swanson

Skjensberg and Fawn drop in and (above) get down to work, a job for the snowdog.



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Frontlines

Fuelling the war on waste



It travels along the ribbon of seascape that Newfoundlanders laughingly call the Trans-Canada Highway, able to haul its 20-odd feet of rubber, steel and aluminum from one gas station to the next only because of the economy of its fast tanks. A perfect example of a negative example, this is Newfoundland's *Greenway* bus, brought to the island at great public (federal) expense, sponsored at great public (federal and provincial) expense to spread the gospel of energy conservation.

The provincial department of mines and energy does not appreciate criticism of its beleaguered, nicknamed *Magpie* bus since its arrival in St. John's last month. Yet, admits conservation officer Nat French "We did a complete analysis of the bus a year, a year and a half ago [when it was still being planned] and came to the conclusion that it was, for Newfoundland, technological overkill."

Nevertheless, there it is, trundling from public building to public building, using its two built-in run-computers and other electronic meters to analyse energy use and produce efficiency reports, complete with recommendations for conservation. That the *Magpie* bus itself is energy wasteful is now acknowledged. "It's big, it's cumbersome and it's opulent," says French, and sometime this year it will make its biggest magic and disappear, to be replaced by two smaller, more conservative vans and a land-based computer.

Robert Plaskin

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None out of three ain't bad

An otherwise promising writer, Allen Fotheringham's recollections of history are lamentably weak. Although he had a great deal of influence, R.D. Bennett did not "act up the CMC, CNA and TCA" as stated in the column *The Afro Who Pile into a Work-Long Trumper* (Feb. 12). The CMC and TCA were established under the succeeding Liberal regime by Minister of Transport C.D. Howe. Formed in 1939, the CMC was placed under the trusteeship of Mr Justice C.F. Patterson by the Conservative government of 1939-75, but the basis of director concept was maintained by the King government of 1936.

T.M. BRISON, OTTAWA

Cleared for ripoff

The article *Airport 79: A \$605-Million Epic* (Feb. 12) suggests that a recent revision to the government's funding arrangements for airports will result in \$655 million in losses and interest being written off on April 1, 1979. Apart from the revenue from airport operations and the air transportation tax, airports are funded by budgetary appropriations from general tax revenue and by interest-bearing loans from the government. The latter approach is less costly to the general taxpayer because interest-bearing loans are required to be repaid. At present four of the 35 airports owned and operated by Transport Canada are funded by interest-bearing loans which are provided through the airports revolving fund. From April 1 an additional 19 airports will be added to the fund, which will reduce the need for financial support by the general taxpayers and is consistent with the government policy to make the air transportation program financially more self-supporting. The amount of the loss

and the interest will remain constant and a not being written off. Parliamentary approval is required to write off debts. Repayments of loans will, however, be suspended and the interest charged will be reduced to zero.

R.F. WYJAN, DEPUTY ADMINISTRATOR,
CANADIAN AIR TRANSPORTATION
ADMINISTRATION, OTTAWA

Hush-hush sex

It's obvious to me, having read *Deputy That Bends Deputies* (Feb. 12), that the agencies concerned about the welfare of children born to young, single mothers often attack the root of the problem—the very state of public education in sensuality and contraception. Although sex education was instigated more than 10 years ago, it has been strangled by public narrow-mindedness. Under the current system sex education is presented in a hush-hush, embarrassed and self-denied manner. By perpetuating feelings of fear and guilt we have to discourage teenage sexual activity, but instead deter the use of birth control. Let's get the picture about teen-age pregnancy off the walls of isolated Children's Aid offices where they are seen only after it's too late.

DEBORAH STRAUSS, OTTAWA

Sore in the saddle

I take exception to the article *Revolution By Be Mooring's* (Feb. 12). Conducting interviews with two disgruntled parties (the Calgary Stampede and the Canadian Horse Cowboy Association) about a complex and controversial subject which involves a third party (this year's competing cowboy) does not give a clear picture. The statement "many cowboy-killed spectators in the past" is a little misleading. I am thinking they could be better themselves—because this year,



Cowboy Jack Hannam, not a clear picture

they will be watching part-time bronco-busters." It is an insult to the thousands of highly competitive part-time cowboys. True, the "second-level" cowboys will be at the Calgary Stampede, but the inference of second-class in no way can diminish the level of competition that will be observed. Many part-time cowboys (although they have the ability to earn good money) compete on a regional basis for various reasons. In fact, over half of the 600-member CCHA are part-time cowboys holding down full-time employment.

JERRY KIMBLE, KENILWORTH, ONT.

TM or not TM

I found the article *Roller Today*, *Tomorrow the World* (Feb. 12) very informative. However, to use the phrase "converts to TM" is quite misleading. I have been practicing the TM technique for almost four years but have not found that I have given up anything, changed or altered my identity, or taken up any different philosophy or belief. By providing deep rest—physically and mentally—the practice of this systematic, purely mechanical mental exercise results in a clearer awareness or consciousness, so one spontaneously sees more incidents and truth in the environment.

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Our own conventional oil wells just can't supply the demands. So we've looked for and developed new oil resources, such as the oil sands. But building the plants to extract oil from the sands is a very costly and time-consuming proposition.

How costly? How time-consuming? You've probably heard about the Syncrude oil plant that started up last fall at the Athabasca oil sands in Alberta. A plant like that takes 7 years or more to plan and build. It cost over two billion dollars to complete, and the next one will be even more. But, will Syncrude meet our oil needs? No. At full capacity, that one plant will only produce 7% of Canada's daily oil demands.

With our domestic oil supplies in decline, Canada has to rely on imported oil to meet one-third of our oil needs. The delivered cost of foreign oil is more than 6 times higher now than it was in 1970.

Canada imported an estimated 197 million barrels of crude oil in 1978, at a gross cost of more than \$ billion dollars. That would work out to more than \$700 per year for a family of four.

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What is Canada doing about the situation?

The target for 1985 is to hold imports to one-third of our oil demand, or 800,000 barrels a day, whichever is less. Canada has made this a formal commitment as part of an effort by the International Energy Agency to limit world demand for limited world oil supplies.

But meeting this target involves strong measures. Some that have already been taken are:

- ☐ reduction in oil exports, so that more Canadian oil is available for Canadians;
- ☐ direct support of Syncrude, and strong encouragement of research and development in the oil sands, and in Western Canada's heavy oil deposits;
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P.S.

Frontlines

Five strong winds that blow widely

They are soldiers preparing for a do-or-die campaign, these five young musicians known as the York Winds. They leave Toronto next month for a five-week assault on the musical battles of England, Scandinavia and Spain. Their five remaining rehearsals should, in the circumstances, be few. But it's clear, as woodwinds, flute and French horn are unfettered, that the seven-year-old quintet is undaunted by the international music-scene and its litter of broken soldiers and groups which failed to duplicate on a global scale the success they had won at home.

After a season of nearly 180 engagements in Canada, "we have to get out of the country or die—financially as much as emotionally," says 23-year-old flautist Douglas Stewart. There's little more to be gained at home. Even The Globe and Mail's crusty music critic, John Kraglund, concedes "they're cer-



Douglas Stewart (flute), Lawrence Charney (sax), Fred O'Brien (clarinet), Marcus Hargrave (French horn), Gerald Robinson (bassoon), winds of change and diversity

provision, smoochy blended tones, and a scorable understanding of stylistic matters."

Such is their confidence of European laurels that the quintet is housing off the white under-black rehearsal cell at Toronto's Royal Conservatory of Music, which would be appropriate as an audition for stand-up comedians. The Philadelphean piffon of Marcus Hargrave, the 36-year-old horn player, punctuates the session like a brass cadence. Better off of



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Frontlines

the way, Heninger gets a practice audition, going with a booking. "All right, let's start!"

As a warm-up for Heninger, the York Winds are playing 26 concerts in 31 days, from March 12 to November 12, including, working out in St. Pierre at Niagara. Though the quartet's membership is new find, the evolution from artists-in-madness at York University, Toronto, to a full-time performing ensemble required five personnel adjustments. Some opted for the security of teaching rather than the uncertain waters of freelance performance. "There's no one else in the world doing what we are," exclaims clarinetist Paul Gross. "All the other top ensembles—like the Dux in Holland or the Dux in the U.S.—are affiliated with orchestras or universities. We have no musical models to follow, so we're expanding our repertoire, or looking down scores and commissioning new works." The most spectacular of their new pieces was a student orchestration for J.S. Bach's *Art of the Fugue* that toured the Winds with the renowned Oxford String Quartet.

The Winds' diversity makes them more an arts complex than a chamber ensemble. Gross is enthused about the international prospects for Bordman, a musical genius based on the life of Quebec painter Paul-Émile Bordman, which will consist of the Winds, actors and back-projection of the artist's works. "We should have the premiere next year, 32 years after the celebrated Bordman's artistic manifesto which many feel was the first that in the Quiet Revolution."

All five players are seasoned orchestral and solo performers with experience ranging from first-desk positions in Canadian orchestras to symphonies abroad. Such fast musical response has prompted changes over musical identity because "all our decisions are democratically made," explains oboist and founding member Lawrence Cherny. "We're no musical leader—or any other." There are no prior discards or ego encounters here, which helped on the night before their Carnegie Hall appearance. Several of the Winds were wandering the streets of New York in search of a beer bar found instead the leader of the Opposition, Ron Clark, "who backed away so if we were going to sing him." Cherny recalls Clark hadn't heard of the York Winds, nor did Carnegie or the operator recognize following interest him. "He was another Canadian legend," sighs Cherny, "as tough as the hockey game."

Kasper Dargatzis

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Frontlines

The sound of justice

The trouble with the new American courtroom-in-the-round is that they can't keep a secret. Their whispering walls tell the judge and jury some of the finer points of defence they simply shouldn't hear. Which is why "trash machines," designed to throw out a conversation covering him, are being installed, to perfect the latest fad in local architecture.

Superior Court Chief Justice Warren Burger had decided that smaller, less intimidating courtrooms might improve the effectiveness of the judicial system. So a new courtroom with more intimate, round courtrooms opened last year in Washington. An acoustics expert had been brought in to plan "live" and "dead" areas of the rooms and, as the architect now says, "He did too good a job." For not only can the jury, judge and attorneys hear what they are supposed to, private conversations between client and lawyer, or attorneys and the judge can be heard by back-row spectators. "Anything slightly above a whisper is fair game," says one court clerk. "If there's something really important to discuss, we've had to leave the room."

Recorded one lawyer: "I was whispering instructions to my phone but I say as well have had a microphone. Your voice just carries round the court as if you're in a recording studio. It is a terribly embarrassing thing."

As a result, the new trash machines will allow the judge to flick his switch and send the sound of rubbish air throughout the room to cover up any private discussions. Justice, it seems, must be seen but not heard to be done. President Jimmy Carter is appointing 160 new federal judges and, to accommodate these, some old courtrooms will be renovated and at least two new ones built. Burger—who has the final say on sound in square—favors justice in the round, but many local judges feel the arenas are not sufficiently dignified for their solemn duties. According to the General Services Administration—the government's builders—it now looks like most of the courtrooms will be square, though smaller than usual. In many cases the local judges, following certain guidelines, will be able to decide for themselves on the shape—and the sound—of justice.

Catherine Fox

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Curtain up on the Inuit

Tukay is the Inuit word for harpoon—an arm-powered missile launched at its target while anchored firmly to its source. It's also a fledgling theatre company and the only professional Inuit troupe in the world. With dance, song, mime and masks, its

players weave the fabric of their culture into allegorical dramas.

The idea was born in 1975 in Holstenbro, Denmark, where two young Greenland Inuit working with actor-dancer Rikard Nilsson dramatized a 3,000-year-old legend about how the Inuit



A Tukay actor harpooning the old stories alive.

"lived in drooping... their needs devoured by monkeys" until one young man went to consult the "mother eagle" who taught them the "gift of celebration"—that people feel joy because they choose to be happy.

What the Tukay actors turned to for their performances was simply what the Inuit traditionally did to pass the long winter nights—they sang, danced and told stories. The first production was so successful that Tukay continued to evolve as a cultural bridge between the past and the present and as a dramatic tool for sharing the "gift of celebration" (which other cultures "devoured by monkeys" may well be permitted).

Nilsson and his six-member troupe are taking their show, called *Inuit* as a federally funded, six-week, \$75,000 tour that opens this week in Toronto, moves to Ottawa and Montreal, then the eastern Arctic. The tour is organized by the ATAI—an Inuit word meaning "let's go!" Translated into Ottawa bureaucracy, it becomes the Arctic Creative Development Foundation.

Inuit's central character is Tormak' Kakortek, the white spirit who abducts people from themselves in one scene, after he has forced the Inuit to don white clothes and hideous pale masks, the young people writhe in a twitching dance, chasing a gull-like refrain that echoes the Beatles' famous "Yeh, yeh, yeh." The cultural message is unmistakable, even though Nilsson, in an odd disclaimer, says that Tukay members are "primarily artists who just happen to be Inuit." In a production called *Inuit*? The point about a harpoon, after all is that it is still tied to home base.

Werner Barisch

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Canadian News

Tripping the light fantastic

[U]ntil we go again. After a winter that was mercifully free of speculation about voting dates, Parliament, the government and the country have renewed the guessing and rumor-spreading of last spring and fall about when Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau will call the election. Many political observers, including some members of Trudeau's office, feel he would call his last week for May 7, and last. It's a guess that will continue from now until the election is finally declared because Trudeau does not plan to close any of his options by permitting the nation to know in advance.

Indeed, at a press conference last week Trudeau refused even to rule out the possibility of a vote after July 8, the fifth anniversary of his last win and the date most Canadians associate with his death. In fact, the British North America Act says only that the House of Commons must be dissolved "five years from the day of the return of the writs" from the last general election. That day July 31, Trudeau could conceivably wait until then before setting the voting day as far off as June, 1990. While the law requires election campaigns to be a maximum of 54 days, there is no maximum length. The only restriction is that Parliament must sit at least once every 12 months.

But after teasing reporters with that possibility and feeding public jitters, Trudeau conceded it would be difficult for him to delay the vote beyond mid-June of this year. Still he "if I go beyond that, I rather think I will have to worry about the political consequences." For Trudeau, the only danger in his own mind and June, and his advisers are split over which would be the better move. The hawks, primarily Quebecers but also said to include Jim Coates, Trudeau's chief of staff, believe the Liberals have required a referendum after a disastrous 1978 and the election should be called now for May. The doves, mostly from Ontario and said to be led by Senator Keith Dwyer, the Liberal

campaign chief, prefer to wait until late May at the earliest. They are worried because the polls show the Liberals still tripping the Conservatives in Ontario in general and Toronto in particular.

Last week's Gallup poll showed the Liberals ahead of the Conservatives for the first time since last September but by just one percentage point, 38 per cent to 36 per cent. Worse, for the Liberals, it



showed the Conservatives were still in front in every region but Quebec. That's why, a survey by the conservative government shows the voters still in their minds.

The Liberals got a jolt the day the poll was released when Ralph Stewart, a maverick Liberal MP from Northern Ontario, crossed the floor of the Commons to join the Conservatives. Stewart's surprising move—who had been expected to accept a government appointment to the Canadian transport commission—was prompted in part by the disappearance of his riding in the redistributed electoral map. But Stewart told the Commons he was also motivated by the government's "drift to the left," an explanation that prompted laughter from the NDP and some back-

bench Liberals who are concerned that the government has become too right-wing.

But it is not Stewart who is bothering the government these days as much as it is two men the Conservatives are threatening to ride right into power: the delinquency of mortgage interest payments, and inflation. The Conservatives first promised mortgage insurability and fall in the September campaign, with great success, and managed to attract voters with the policy. Finance Minister Jean Chrétien is receiving considerable pressure from his own party to adopt a similar program and undercut the Tories, but he is re-sitting on the ground that mortgage delinquency is totally intractable and economically perverse. The Conservatives are also moving political points in the House of Commons by attacking the government for doing nothing about inflation without ever actually proposing their own policy. They don't have to. Their polls show the public believes in even they can handle the problem better.

With all the electoral tension, the atmosphere in the Commons is becoming increasingly frenzied. The parliamentarily, the House is starting to propose legislation at a faster rate because nobody wants to be accused of holding up something important when a vote is so near. Thus, last week, the House introduced a climate-change study of new legislation that is vital to municipal housing programs and approved in principle the long-delayed multi-of-interest bill. In the next week or so, it is expected to approve the mortgage reform bill and legislation giving the government authority to hold a referendum to counter the planned vote on sovereignty-association in Quebec. Trudeau wanted these and other bills to be passed before Parliament is dissolved, but the program of legislation through the House will not be the signal for an election. Nor will the release date for inflation figures embarrassing to the government, nor the planned visit to Canada of Prince Charles (April 1-3). Trudeau will call the election when he thinks he can win it—no sooner and no later.

Ian Urquhart

PH: The traditional argument is that the House of Commons must be dissolved every five years because of a law that states that the House must be dissolved every five years. But the House of Commons is not a permanent body. It is a temporary body that is created by the Prime Minister. The House of Commons is not a permanent body. It is a temporary body that is created by the Prime Minister.

United they stood, divided they fell

In Quebec, *Reflexivité* is a word in search of a meaning. It encompasses remnants of loyal Orange orders, still clinging like moths to the worn halls of the Eastern Townships, and Marist-Leonists, who see separation as a bourgeois attempt to divide the proletarians; that, though such fringe groups have negligible impact on the sixty-six-party struggle within the province, even mainstream federalism fervor are divided by disparate political interests. Last Thursday, leaders of seven governmental groups met secretly in Montreal in a halfhearted attempt to regularize the facade of a wealthy but ill-situated coalition called the Pro-Canada Committee.

An amalgam of private unity groups and seven political parties, Pro-Canada burst apart Feb. 22 under the natural pressures of parties jockeying—for in-

ent that committee President Michel Robert called "a defeat for federalism." The political parties were not invited to last week's formal meeting, saying: "If Pro-Canada is reborn from the ashes of its self-immolation, the professional politicians will not be welcome." The split came when Liberal leader Claude Ryan vetoed amalgamation of all-party electoral mandates to fight the Quebec referendum campaign poll by poll. At the same time, federal Progressive Conservatives launched a mass private advertising campaign, saying the "Save Canada" theme would only reinforce Liberal propaganda in the coming federal election campaign. As Party Québécoise leaders chuckled at the thought, the federalists exchanged renegeatements: the Union Nationale's René Gervais called Ryan a "chaosman liar" and "hardly qualified to impose his strategy on the rest of us after he recommended Québecers vote for the

Pro-1976" Ryan, in turn, accused Conservatives and unionists of "measured vindictiveness" and, on that note too, the politicians stomped off in anger.

Whether they like it or not, the province factions eventually will be forced to reunite by Quebec referendum legislation which permits the existence of only one "official controller" per party—a gimmick greatly favoring the chevroned unionists. Factions that have harbored their other ideological hatsets for the time being.

Meanwhile, all 25 of Pro-Canada's permanent staff members have been laid off and a high-powered array of bagmen has stopped knocking on corporate doors. But Pro-Canada offers are already totaling with \$1.5 million. Insiders predict that the committee will re-emerge into a pro-city advertising agency independent of the political parties.

David Thomas



David and Michel sign up: how many signatures is a resounding cheer?

tion. Though his message is for the ordinary Canadian, Cowen knows he needs the big shirts to get media attention and that his message across.

That's why he was in Toronto last week, walking Ontario Premier William Davis and Liberal Governor Pauline Jobidon down the street. The pair were smiling as they walked. Cowen said the pair were smiling as they walked. Cowen said the pair were smiling as they walked.

The petitioners are collecting in every province. Cowen says about 250,000 signatures have been collected in the past year. He is asked to talk about goals—members can so easily be asked after way—but Cowen does say: "I think one, two, three million would be representative of a strong link in the country. And when and how will the petition be presented to the people of Quebec? I think that will depend on Mr. Lévesque and when he calls for the referendum debate. Cowen says adding hesitantly: "How? Well, however we find it most likely to convince the people of Quebec how much we want them to stay."

Ken Becker

How do they love thee? Let us count the names

Just summer Kith Cowen went to a Toronto Bar-Jays baseball game. When nightfall fell, he went to a bar-Jays baseball game. When nightfall fell, he went to a bar-Jays baseball game. When nightfall fell, he went to a bar-Jays baseball game.

Cowen, a retired government consultant from Victoria, B.C., believes that it is up to ordinary Canadians to pressure national and provincial governments to make the case for the people of Quebec. He says that the case for the people of Quebec is not a case for the people of Quebec. He says that the case for the people of Quebec is not a case for the people of Quebec.

Winnipeg

Taking a long constitutional

George Forest's three-year-old \$1.2 million ticket has been sold but it has already cost taxpayers more than \$50,000. Forest, 55, an insurance agent from Winnipeg's French suburb of St. Boniface, found the ticket on his window in February, 1976. It was printed in English only, so he refused to pay up, claiming that the City of Winnipeg Act allows residents of St. Boniface to receive all municipal bills in French and English. But a provincial court judge subsequently ruled the ticket a court document, not a municipal bill, and since Manitoba's Official Languages Act of 1980 makes English the only language of the courts, legislature and gov-

Forest: a consolation prize tag of \$17,000

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ernment publications, the ticket was declared valid. That's when Forest really got angry. "If he'd simply ruled I was entitled to a bilingual ticket I would have dropped it," he says. Instead, Forest and his lawyer, Alain Hogue, won a constitutional fight that may get set up in the Supreme Court of Canada.

Flowing rebuffs from the 1979 Manitoba Act, which amounts to the province's constitution, Forest discovered that English and French were enshrined as official languages, a guarantee approved by the British Parliament. Arguing that Manitoba's English-only ruling of 1980 was unconstitutional, Hogue scored one victory when the court judge, Bernard Dureault, agreed. But when Forest asked the Manitoba government for four legal statutes and other court documents in French, he was given, said that the price tag would be \$17,000 for translators. Undaunted, Forest has been bouncing in and out of court for the past three years. The latest round was fought in Manitoba Court of Appeal and five judges are expected to rule on the case by the end of the year.

Lawyer Hogue says the least he expects is a ruling that Forest can have its statutes in French and that he will be allowed to file documents in French to lower courts. Without that guarantee the case will likely proceed to the Supreme Court.

Back to Manitoba's advantage, the federal government has been paying up the bill for Forest's considerably legal costs. "I know Ottawa got a \$42,000 bill last November and it's probably cost another \$10,000 since then, with more to come," says Forest. "This is an important case and a victory on the Manitoba Act is as important to Canadian unity as a decision on Bill 107 (Quebec's controversial language law). For its part, the insurance money is

Forest: a consolation prize tag of \$17,000

Forest: a consolation prize tag of \$17,000

Quebec

Casting bread upon the voters

When it was as clear as the cry of bonapartism, voters were the melting fields of St. Lawrence Valley. Opening a bag of legislative golden, in normal prose, would indicate an imminent provincial election, Premier René Lévesque had more than a reasonable mandate on his mind last week when he said: "This year will take us on, at least to the very, very end, a decisive moment in the history of Quebec." Depending in part on the success of his government's new legislative program, Lévesque could well call a referendum on Quebec's status as a province of Canada. The national assembly does not manage to dispose of its ongoing work load. Clearly, such a scenario was in his thoughts. "If our work is delayed because of a referendum, it would nevertheless be ready to be picked up immediately afterwards."

Earlier speculation had focused on spring, 1980, as the likely referendum period. Now, because of the Part Québécois premier's courtship ambitions, a referendum right to vote would be from now appears possible. A full referendum would prompt attempts to revise Canada's constitution by whatever federal government is elected this spring. It would also exploit the current despair of neo-federalist forces who Quebec (see page 16) and—perhaps more important—will profit by Quebec's national referendum. In spring the province gives to a millionaires (likely to inspire support for separation).

But lack of confidence in the economic strength of a sovereign Quebec is still the greatest referendum obstacle. Lévesque's address to the assembly belied with assurances to make the province more self-sufficient and the incomes of its citizens more secure. Lévesque expected was the promise of a guaranteed annual income to be phased in starting this year with revenue supplements for working families. Annual supplements of nearly \$1,500 for three-child families earning less than \$6,000 represent the maximum benefit, but families with incomes of \$10,000 will receive only the \$400 of the \$1,500. In all, \$6,000 families will be added, half of them now earning less by working than they would as welfare.

Quebec's extensive welfare state will be further expanded by legislation giving tenants more rights than last-



Prior Curly's Gender

The Sun Seekers

By Roy MacGregor

Remind me of the miracle of modern fabric, you see actually are spending holiday in Florida. Station, 17, too self-conscious for 18, she moans in a sleek swimsuit body short and from the hotel lobby and into the wet lounge of the Port Lauderdale evening air. From there to the corner of Grosvenor and North Atlantic Boulevard, she picks up the road, the desired effect of raising both arms taking her sun-

god doesn't come back. She stands in her right ends and continues on her slender way with the joy of being so young and having all the odds of her body temporarily assigned to the right status. The night is here and she knows it.

Next morning the down turns out of a few gates fanned by the dark clouds to the east. The Strip is empty, the sea so loud it creates a noise. In the gilt-edged sidewalks of Harbor Beach, Philby MacDonald has already been up two hours working on his Canada Calling radio program. At nine, the 30-minute broadcast will go on over 15 stations; it will be heard at the more than 250,000 permanent Canadian residents of the

area. A Montreal travel agent, "that they'll go wherever we can put them a place." Canadian visitors to Jamaica doubled last year, and travel to Hawaii has increased an average of 38 per cent a year of late, and the Bahamas had a record year in tourism last year, each of it thanks to Canadians who will do anything short of kill to see sandbars in March.

But most still go to Florida, where the Canadian presence is overwhelming. Red maple leafs fly from hundreds of poles along the highways, after Florida is



all the time. Now I can't stand the cold."

It is generally conceded the Canadians who visit Florida alone have had a massive \$800 million a year, nearly half of the entire deficit. A study done in 1975 found that the average Canadian visitor stayed 32 days and spent \$490.30, and though the amount of time spent there may have diminished since, it is safe to assume the amount spent has increased dramatically.

But the falling Canadian dollar has had a negligible effect on people fleeing the North at this time of year. "It hasn't affected it at all for the winter," says John Powell, president of P. Lawlor Travel (\$105 million in sales last year). "We've had to turn back as we go in the West for Hawaii." Air Canada reports a significant increase in flights to the winter, flights to Honolulu out of Toronto are up 23.5 per cent and Vancouver out of Calgary up 67.8 per cent. If the American carriers succeed in the current lobbying to have Canada deregulate air fares, therefore opening up Canada to a free sale of travel packages, there may not be anyone left in the country to vacation at home next winter but Finance Minister Jean Chrétien and his family.

that they have even put up a plastic sign in the kitchen: God Bless Our Mobile Home.

headed off to the west, in St. Petersburg, the program will be on WFTS in Clearwater, and Saskatchewan's Stewart Schoenhals will take in

Curran was a grey, 40-year-old man, his beard, covered from his nose, sitting on the door frame watching the street while his cousin, Danny French, takes



found glory to conspicuous swimming heights. She pauses by the sign for the wet T-shirt contest, pauses by the grass and look and read numbers, pause the morning going was in the shirt that says "I want to be your love." At Grosvenor, a black Ford van with a grassy yard painted on the side comes up to the individual and a red line beach from the landscape mounted on the side, a sign flashes "You're cute," the two spend their mindlessly. But the

state and the more than 1.1 million Canadians who will visit this year. But at no time will MacDonald speak to more of his fellow countrymen than during the current March break. For it is during this time of the mid-winter season that Canadians now travel the most. Sunways Ltd., the country's largest package with 400,000 passengers in 1979, has been sold out since October. "It's because such a bloody scramble to go south at this time," says Bob McGre-

gor, a Montreal travel agent, "that they'll go wherever we can put them a place." Canadian visitors to Jamaica doubled last year, and travel to Hawaii has increased an average of 38 per cent a year of late, and the Bahamas had a record year in tourism last year, each of it thanks to Canadians who will do anything short of kill to see sandbars in March.

the other side of the state and know that their French will be understood, and appreciated.

In the scope of the state, in Orlando, Canada Calling will go on over WFTS. In fact it will end up in the mobile home of Louis Duganette. Duganette is a coach crop farmer from Tillamook, Ontario, who doubled last year \$10,000 as a well-worn set having to worry about shoveling snow and suffering yet another heart attack. His brand-new winter home suited him and his wife, Agatha, so well

from his brand-new \$11,000 trailer. After three years he had decided to move up from a camper and strike a permanent peace with winter. From the time of his heart attack in 1976, when he was 50, Schoenhals' interest in winter had completely changed. "It's funny," he says. "Nobody enjoyed winter more than I did. I was set in it

the wheel. I used to be in Florida and then I went to Nevada's slot sales, the street, and then I went to the gold mine and then I went to the gold mine. It was my first holiday in 1976, when I was 50, and I was from the family Mr. Schoenhals and on Toronto's Airport Road. So far the \$225 he has paid has been all bargain. He and

A. L. L. (C) 1979 The Associated Press

S. L. L. (C) 1979 The Associated Press

During here it made here with (keep) Alton does fishermen, their pointed heads—scurrying the first American college kids haven't heard of let alone seen—and their premed down-face elegance. So far, it has been a 22-year-old fantasy come true.

Here is, thanks to the research of Dr. Peter Yess, with a denigration of the typical Canadian tourist, and this typical tourist, in light-years removed from Frank Nones and his friends. Dr. Yess's work out of Ontario, and is a psychologist and vice-president of marketing for Robtman Incorporated, the world's largest retail marketing adviser. It is his job to tell clients like the Bahamas and Mexico what they can sell Canadians as, so it is necessary for him to have a crystal-clear picture of who the Canadian tourist is. The tourist who can take it, here we are cheap and can advertise, group-oriented, in tight with house and sexual relations as with money, security-conscious and—though this might not seem to follow—popular in the countries visited. The reason Canadians go to obvious, pure escape. But sometimes this can be an ill-fated escape. Disorders actually increase in the spring, and the northeast tourist is not necessarily leaving his worries at home. According to Glen Poole, a Calgary, psychologist, these people are usually getting their bodies through "one hell of a shock." "When they get to the wedding people as a vacation is good medicine," adds Dr. Kingsley Ferguson, chief of psychology at Toronto's Clarke Institute of Psychiatry. "Almost all cases of normal fear anxiety, tension, etc., are here in the person's general setting—but the head goes to Florida with him. These internal triggers may be just as lively in Florida." Even so, Dr. Ferguson admits, it is what people believe is true that motivates them. "Bureaucratic, religious, cleanliness equals submissiveness."

At the moment, nothing could be truer for Larry Priestland, a recreation major and football player from Nova Scotia's Acadia University who has found himself in a dismal campground near Chocoma, home of the Old Canadian Festival. Priestland looks up at the worst day of no one of the clouds have had enough of their little job and he raises his fist. "Where's the sun?" he shouts. "We're freezing our balls off!" This particular playground south has run into false gods. Five from Acadia—three men, two women—have come down in Nova Scotia's determined "Choc" country on meeting up with two of her ex-lovers of their friends. But the friends have



LARRY PRIESTLAND

vanished. With a \$125-per-person budget to work on, they decided they couldn't afford motel rooms on the way down, and so they left to a tent, with their sleeping bag and spread out over the car roof. A flat tire, a near-speeding ticket later and the first day of panics as pot Mike Bressan in a hospital emergency ward with severe burns. Bressan broke into their room and ate their eggs and cheese. And as for the southern position of sex (see back, there wasn't a naked body to be seen "We heard there were thousands of wet T-shirt contests," complains Priestland. "But we saw a single one just."

They mistake one is not going to find themselves. They could have been on the way down—priced back at the Grand Hotel, Genoa Adh's wedding party across the street—and then we would have a short story toward Love (the Bookend) and the beginning of the Story. Here, men are forced deep, and women forces objects. It is as if the entire city was placed on a film on a Nova Scotia International Pictures back in 1961. As early as the day of the early references, the day-faded woman-child is strutting her stuff in the pavilion through beach. The custom men, Carvels and Alfa Romeo are joined by an extended Cadillac limousine. Mock and driven by a woman and chauffeur. In the island back, and a woman's hand is seen in a plastic three-piece suit and its stringing merriment. He passes the auto-

Mexico drive market. The price is right

work before and the window where down. He often we need and what drive to his mobile unit-and, but the sports if it he has ignored everything but her own-flesh power.

On the other side of the street Frank Nones against the sleek Fiat of his friend, Anthony Corrado, who has just as much from Toronto with God. And, another friend, Nones watches the scene on the way. He goes and take of their and eye, and he shakes his head and laughs. "That's all they're here for," he says.

It would seem to be a typical Canadian tourist—at least according to Dr. Yess—and there are not typical stories, except that not is always a man, consideration. Steve and Michelle Yessman of Toronto decided during the February cold spell that they just couldn't take it anymore—they had to go to Florida. "I just got so tired of getting up in the dark and coming home in the dark," says Michelle Yessman. "All I want to do is be on a beach and let it burn out of me." This week they are off, not to Florida but to Jamaica: it was all they could find and they took it. Fortunately, the \$420-per-person price was right. Edward and Kathryn Holman of Winnipeg, decided Hawaii was "just too costly" and are going instead to Lake Tahoe, Nevada, for their marriage. It is cool that has made Mexico into

perhaps the fastest growing Canadian winter destination. Bonnie Wapner, a Vancouver law firm employee, found she could have two weeks there for a mere \$900 and she took it, "because it was cheap and because my friend told me that Mexican men are wonderful. She was right."

But most still go to safe, predictable, the best-surprise-is-no-surprise-at-all Florida. Frank and Hazel Lovely of Halifax are two Canadians who have tried to live by Jean Chrétien's restaurant creed of including as many, but not very thin, too, are off in Florida. When they tried living in Quebec they found the atmosphere "very hostile. At least in the States they're happy to see you and your dollar."

"When Canadians think of the sun and living all day in an isolated beach under a palm tree they think of Mexico

or the Bahamas," says broadcaster MacDonald, who has been spending November to April in Florida after he took over Canada's Culture in 1974. "But the older you get, the more you get used to certain things like accessibility, banking money you can understand, a language you speak, a climate you like the only place. After Canadians get the islands out of their systems they end up in Florida." No wonder there are 26 Canadian clubs in Florida, from the Toronto Alumni Association to the Newfoundland Society of Florida. No wonder, too, Canadians in 1975 were thought to have invested at least \$450 million in Florida property, probably far, far more. If it's going to have a piece of you, you may as well have a piece of it.

"It's a flat, flat state, a ridiculous-looking state," says retired magazine

editor John Clare, who taught a home in Saratoga. "But we live it."

It's wintering is quickly coming on in Fort Lauderdale. The strip is filled with everyone but Frankie and Anarchy and Frankie's friends. Where the Boys Are. The word came along the back of the empty, corner beach chairs and folded over lounge chairs the front ends of Frank Nones and his friends as they lay against their rented cars. "The weather is so good here," says Nones and "I've got to have to stay at here. They'll come up and say 'My N' is gone.' Inside Mr. Anthony Corrado and and behind that exterior sunglasses. They're down the road. He has been there only a day, but already there is more room for March in Mr. Nones's car.

How to Stuff a Wild Bikini

Probably how many of last year's 145,782 Canadian visitors discovered the true meaning of a 5-6-7-8 in the Bahamas. But it's been huddled but Toronto sociologist Dr. Robert Gelfand certainly knows a lot. As founder of the Caribbean Tourism Research Centre, he has been making a study of the latest social situation—the hawking Beach Boy of the Bahamas, Dancers and Jamaica—and some 200 observers later. Dr. Gelfand is able to determine that our country's habits. No 1 in something simple that happened in history. One of the things I found says the sociologist "and I've asked the Beach Boys who is a star of the most accessible to you (see) where I went they and the French Canadian (see) there is."

For sophisticated tourists who merely want to look at the phenomenon they need to leave the airport to take in the sights. All about the culture sells the Beach Boys but using up the beachside who protests pouring of the plane, already closed with an article it would seem to consider to prepare a brief brochure on the Beach Boys. Thanks to Dr. Gelfand's description. This would be quite young (14 to 30). He is a good specimen of a male. He does not have a ponytail. He is a muscular, a good-looking and well-groomed. He is a well and is very polite.

Often the Beach Boy doesn't even bother to make the first move. There are girls who come to the Caribbean on holidays with admirers and references from their friends. Says Dr. Gelfand. As for Beach Boys who don't connect at the airport or in the hotel lobby there is a beach where they hang about in the dunes waiting for the hotel glove to make. For the dramatically valiant single visitor

A car, sometimes a long time. The first drive for me, says a young Toronto woman who recently returned from Jamaica, was a Jamaican guy who offered to buy my U.S. money for double the amount in Jamaica dollars and sell me some marijuana and rub it all over me—something I refused.

It is impossible to ignore the bikini for the situation on the Beach Boys. Though the increasing numbers are debasing the image of the beach, they simply know from experience what the academics claim. Says Dr. Gelfand, "It's a lot of psychology at Toronto's Clarke Institute of Psychiatry. One of the signs of sexual abuse is probably the sole motivation for their behavior."

There is a legitimate reaction of impossibility that goes with a meeting, according to Dr. Gelfand, "It's a lot of psychology at Toronto's Clarke Institute of Psychiatry. One of the signs of sexual abuse is probably the sole motivation for their behavior."

The particular theory however applies most to the older, often married, women who come south looking for a fun and a Beach Boy memory to take home. "Typically the woman is 40 to 45," says Dr. Gelfand. A widow or this is neglected. The hawking of beach wares is very important. This is one time when sophisticated sales for men and makes them feel wanted. Some have married at 16 and they never had another man. They don't know how to go about it in Canada—they're afraid of the neighbors. Here, nobody knows you, and you know it's not going to last.

Some, however, keep waiting. I get clients who come running into the office the day after they get back, says one national travel agent. They think they're in love and want to go back right away. After about a month they've cooled off, usually because they haven't heard from the man.

Jamaican beach boys: this island hustle



MAILED 5 MARCH 10 1978



World News

The magic show ends, the begging and bribing begin

It was, no always, a lavish production. Five hundred U.S. advisers crowded satellite businessmen and tourists out of the Nile Hotel, several costs of thousands cheered President Jimmy Carter and his host, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat. Whenever they set foot outdoors, security helicopters hovered protectively above the forests of waving palms. The story—massed dignitaries, 25 gun salute, 2,000 flags fluttering from the hangars—was the same when Air Force One touched down in Jerusalem on Saturday.

But the magic of earlier peace initiatives—Sadat's first visit to Israel and last summer's Camp David secret—was missing. Like Gene Wilder's *Wagtail*, the show business could reach the rapidly sharpening picture of an increasingly desperate Carter trying to beg or bribe (he was in no position to browbeat) two of the best actors on the world stage, who would not quite bring themselves to believe that they stood to lose more without a contract than with it.

The truth was that Carter was quite as much in need of a peace agreement as Sadat and Israel's Prime Minister Menachem Begin. For one thing he had nowhere to shift a dime of foreign policy subsidy—the billion triumph of the talks at Camp David, the Israeli disaster and the sweet-turned-sour making up with China—and distrust public relations from a rapidly worsening economic situation back home.

For another, he was driven by what, since the Iranian revolution, has become a nagging worry that Middle East

instability might really threaten U.S. oil supplies. While the loss of Iranian oil was not crucial to the U.S., the cutting off, say, of Saudi Arabian crude, would mean last week's peace over renewed fighting between Communist South Yemen and pro-Western North Yemen on Saudi Arabia's southern border; the hosts assembly of a U.S. naval task force to police the Persian Gulf area; and the suspension of the U.S. president to make others they might not be able to ignore to begin massive military aid and Saudi economic assistance.

The operative word, however, was "negotiate." The key issue was the future of the Palestinians in the two far-flung secret areas of Gaza and the West Bank of the river Jordan, and while Begin was pleased with the formula for progress towards their "autonomy" which he brought back from preliminary talks in Washington ("This has been a very good week for Israel," he told reporters on his return), Sadat was less convinced.

The crux is that autonomy, as the Israelis see it, is far from the Palestinian self-determination to which the Arab nations in general and Sadat in particular are theoretically committed. If Sadat goes too much wrong, he risks Arab anger, if he holds out for too much he risks losing the economic help his people are expecting from a peace settlement. Either way, his position at home would be threatened.

Some observers fear, however, that even if a host of words is agreed upon during Carter's Kennedy-type shuttle, the prospect of a real settlement will

start to recede, as after Camp David, as soon as the ink is dry. The fact is that Israel, as Begin has repeatedly said, has no intention of handing over the West Bank or Gaza to anyone.

Indeed, two weeks before the present talks, the Israeli cabinet allotted \$34.5 million (on top of an earlier budget of \$15 million) to "bribe" extremist settlements there. Plans are in various stages of approval or execution for at least nine new Jewish outposts. About 500 families have moved to existing settlements since Camp David, and another 300 are expected within the next two months.

One of the least hard-boiled of Arab movers on the West Bank, Elias Fint of Bethlehem, last week dismissed autonomy as "a dead letter." The United States, he said, was giving Israel a free hand to build and expand settlements. Said the mayor of Gaza, Rashid Shawa: "We don't feel that what is being talked about now is going to make much of a

Carter and Sadat in Masada (above) and Begin's flight out at the base in show business could reach the picture



change. They say this is their land from the Mediterranean to the river Jordan if that is their intention, what is the use of naming it otherwise? They have succeeded in occupying all of the area by force, so they can stay here by force." It may yet come to that.

Eric Silver/William Leather

France

A Barre over troubled waters

The cartoon showed French Prime Minister Raymond Barre valiantly mowing the stars of a tiny dinghy. The "Foures," in solitary boat spent a rainy day, a NAS AGO, observed the 19th day of the 19th Republic, the Socialist and Communist rivals joined him, rowing to bring down the government with a motion of censure.

As President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing bridled as just how and when he would end the special session before jarring off for a state visit to Romania, Barre's days appeared to be numbered.

On the Avenue de l'Opéra, shouting white-outrier parades protested the planned layoff of 500 employees in the flat-banded state television production company, which has reduced its programming to a trickle. For the second time since the beginning of the year, the postal service was strangled by strikes over mechanization, and a 30-hour railroad by railroad workers, angry at plans to reorganize the service, paralyzed the trains.

But the tide which threatened to swamp Barre's ship of state came from France's industrial north and the battle-scarred provinces of Lorraine, where metalworkers went on the rampage to vent their frustration at the government's plan to upstate their unemployment by cutting out 25,000 jobs by next year.

In Languedoc, the dingy, desperate mill town in Chaurès de Gascogne's home country which has been the rebel line's storm center since the 19th century, the situation was ransacked the steel manufacturers' Association office, sending furniture and files up in flames. A factory director was taken hostage and, last week in Denain, where 12,500 jobs are scheduled to be axed, a pitched battle of Molotov cocktails hurled against police left six injured (one worker had a hand cut off) and manage-

ment agreed to a temporary suspension of layoffs.

As union members prepared for a march on Paris, it became clear that the government was facing its worst threat since the election, almost exactly a year ago, when it looked near defeat. Unemployment has just reached a record 1.35 million, or 10.5 percent, and the government is cutting back on welfare benefits to curb inflation.

Never one to let an opportunity slip by, Giscard leader Jacques Chirac promptly called for an emergency session of parliament to outstage Barre's economic policies and, for the first time in the history of the Fifth Republic, his Socialist and Communist rivals joined him, rowing to bring down the government with a motion of censure.

As President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing bridled as just how and when he would end the special session before jarring off for a state visit to Romania, Barre's days appeared to be numbered.



Languedoc: white Ford was mowing up his field, Barre met at the bar

Barre's lead from Giscard's own encouragement that he was dissatisfied with the prime minister's performance.

But in a spectacular turnaround there, whose outcome reputation as a political lightweight seems less and less justified these days, went before the TV cameras and pulled off a tour de force. Dumping at least part of the problem back on his predecessor Chirac, he fingered the Giscard leader for trying to capitalize on the unemployment problem for his own political profit.

Barre hardly had the air of a man about to be fired, and the Elzévir Palace hastened to back him up, putting a

temporary end to the rumors of his departure. Indeed, it is clear that he is a shrewd first man for some of Giscard's current unpopular measures. With the presidential elections still two years away, Giscard has chosen to take a calculated gamble and purge several of the industries which have been fostering drama on the public party. Steel, which has one of the lowest productivity rates in the world and \$1 billion in debt from the last two years alone, is one of them.

But the president's avowed dream of getting France on the same competitive footing as Germany is in real conflict to the thousands of jobs who have been venting their despair on the gloomy face of Lorraine, and the government has gone down on its knees in a bid to make France the site for Henry Ford's proposed \$1-billion Kaiparas assembly plant, which would employ 8,000 workers by 1985.

While Ford makes up his mind, Barre

has been left moping the barbed-wire—alone, and in the latest opinion poll his popularity plunged to a new low of 38 per cent. What was hardly a surprise, for the first time the president's own prestige went wobbling with it—by six points.

Has the public tumbled to the frustration play? If they have, and Giscard's critics manage to tell on the presidential campaign arena, Barre may become expendable after all. But for the moment he remains defiant. "They're preparing to bury me every six months," he shrugged, alluding to the cartoon which showed him as an ordinary seaman. "In today's conditions, nobody has to row. Well, I'm going to row. Right off the end."

Marcel McDougal

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Blue Bell Inn, Llangurig, Wales.

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AIR CANADA 
BRITAIN 



Polka dots and moonbeams

Peering through space of nearly 60,000 miles, an hour, the U.S. satellite *Voyager 1* last week sent back its latest photographic story of the mysterious planet Jupiter and its moons whose names—Ganymede, Callisto, Europa to name a few—sounded like characters from Shakespeare. The pictures told a tale of varied volcanoes, tortured hurricanes and a rainbow of soft, pastel colors. They also looked like they would provide several surprise findings for event-driven scientists at Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory in California.

Throughout the seven days that *Voyager* was close to Jupiter, the Pasadena scientists worked up to 20 hours out of 24 to keep up with the seemingly limitless stream of data beamed back across the 402 million miles to Earth. But it was the quantity and quality of the pictures that really sent them into a frenzy. Said the U.S. Geological Survey's Dr. Laurence Soderstrom: "No planetary mission in history has had the kind of versatility. You had to pinch yourself every day not to believe it was actually happening. This does highlight all the Jupiter pictures



was the previously undiscovered ring around the planet resembling those encircling Saturn and Uranus. Scientists were also surprised though puzzled by a Great Red Spot—a hurricane-like, but less the blemish of Earth which is apparently permanently located in the planet's tropical zone.

Four of Jupiter's moons—first noted by Galileo in 1610—and their small, irregular

is in the round (above) and volcanic close-up. "You had to pinch yourself to believe."

companion satellite Amalthea attracted as much attention as the planet. On to whose similarity to Earth it was to be assigned the *Voyager* photos showed a large, dark, irregular shape that did not seem to have an active, molten interior. Europa, Ganymede and Callisto on the other hand show harsh, rugged, cracked surfaces, pocked with meteor craters. Callisto has what appears to be a huge, frozen lake once created when a meteor crashed into it.

In the coming weeks, as *Voyager 1* whizzes off to its next space rendezvous with the planet Saturn in November 1980, scientists at the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration will be checking their instant observations. They will get some help from *Voyager 2*, which is due to pass by Jupiter this summer, and they're certain to need it. The \$400-million project so far has provided more questions than it has answers.

But at the weekend that didn't baffle the people of Pasadena. They were still riling the high-ranking team that's staying in Pasadena. That one spaced-out expert is Altonian. "I honestly don't know what day it is. We're all more in tune with Jupiter right now than with this planet."

Catherine Fox

China

The war of the words

After the real fighting, the war of words as Chinese troops began the difficult maneuver of disengagement last week both Peking and Hanoi were claiming to have won. While the Chinese insisted that they had "expelled the north of the inviolability of the Asian Cuba," the Vietnamese were hailing "a splendid victory."

Vietnam was publicly boasting it had suffered 45,000 Chinese casualties and destroyed 400 military vehicles and hundreds of guns. But Western observers were cautious about accepting those claims. Reports from Peking say Vietnamese losses at about 15,000 troops and a secret posture paper was

wanted of a self-confident statement at the peak of its power was misleading. He was, in reality, caught up in a still unresolved domestic battle with Chairman Hua Kuo-feng, which would not end until one or the other camp was decisively defeated.

The unanswered question last week was how the Chinese reaction of Vietnam would influence that struggle. If a more or less united front was clearly required to survive the invasion, there was no guarantee it would have survived the changing fortunes of the battle and subsequent withdrawal.

Moreover, an attempt seemed bound to be held in Peking over the conduct of the war, if only for the purpose of warning the leaders, and if that seemed to either faction to offer it an edge, it was hardly to be supposed that the chance would not be reflexively exploited. For Teng and Chairman Hua, therefore, the invasion could turn out to be a bigger deal than the Chinese spokesmen thought.

David North



Chinese move out (above) and injured foe—an impact seemed bound to be lost.



Namibia

Mau-Mauing the flak catchers

To listen to South African leaders last week one would have thought that Western apartheid, even more than Marxist bloody revolution, was going to lead to the breakdown of the War's own plan to bring Namibia to independence under United Nations supervision after more than 60 years of South African rule.

Clark Mader, leader of the Democratic Turnhalle Alliance (DTA) established as a position of membership by South African-supervised "interim" elections last December, threatened to lead Namibia into a unilateral declaration of independence if the Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim didn't come through with a more palatable scheme for its supervision of elections.

South African Prime Minister P. W. Botha also acted notified. If Waldheim's proposals weren't changed, he said: "We will choose isolation rather than humiliation." Foreign Minister Rudolf P. P. Botha went so far as to threaten that South Africa, sick and tired of being the "target" of the West as well as the East, might be forced into "neutrality."

The reasons for all the belling and polling were two suggestions by Waldheim about the South-West African People's Organization (SWAPO), which has conducted hit-and-run guerrilla warfare in northern Namibia for the last decade. The first, that SWAPO should maintain whatever troops it had inside Namibia in bases supervised by the UN as during the election, was, said Botha, a "serious deviation" from the plan originally proposed by "The Five" Western powers (the U.S., West Germany, France, Britain and Canada) more than a year ago. That said that troops on either side would be "restricted to two"—without mentioning on which side.

The South Africans argued that the Waldheim provision might allow SWAPO to rush troops across the border on the eve of an agreed ceasefire—which was to have been March 15 but which has now been delayed because of the now-inactive the guerrillas with a "psychological advantage" during the elections by virtue of having troops on horse sole.

That seemed like a rather obvious attempt to have it both ways, since South Africa had firmly established a "psychological advantage" for its own forces, the SWAPO, by defying the Western powers and holding the December poll.



They seemed too minor to threaten an agreement so important to all parties involved. The frontline states—for all they rail against apartheid—hardly want stability in an area dominated by a war in Rhodesia that has dragged

From both economically and militarily. In Angola, especially, it is desperate to get South African troops off its southern border. Not only is Angolan President Agostinho Neto faced with recurrent strikes against SWAPO bases on his territory — one last week coincided with Prime Minister's rejection of Widdowson's plan — but the South African army serves as the main supply source for the rival National Union of Angolans (UNISTA) guerrillas who have prevented Neto from establishing a firm grip on his country, since independence in 1975.

South Africa itself would like to blunt some of the barrage of international criticism, to ease not only the threat of economic sanctions, over its handling of the affair, and to save the \$1 million a day it costs to maintain troops in northern Namibia to keep out SWAPO guerrillas.

As for SWAPO, while its military leader, Bess Nujoma, has made enough ill-considered statements to convince some observers he would rather fight than negotiate, his guerrillas have yet to show enough military skill to suggest they are as much more than an irritant, and other SWAPO spokesmen have shown signs of eagerness to get on with the negoti-

At the weekend Botha was still pawing about a Western "invasion," and neither observers in South Africa nor External Affairs Minister Dommisse in Ottawa could bring themselves to believe that he would throw out the potential guests, and risk another Rhodesia, over two such minor sailors. **Don Turner**

Ballgame: Butkus (below) and Fieldhouse (above) to December's controversial political stunts, claimed to have a built-in



Belgium

Splitting up the perennial problem

When Belgians realized that the longest (125-day) political crisis since the turbulent 1980s might be ending last week with the appointment of a new government, few could hide their misgivings. The least informed had hardly noticed the lack of one, the indifferent had not cared and many of the most knowledgeable felt the country had been getting along perfectly well without one.

To be sure, King Baudouin's request to Paul Vanden Boeynants, a stocky 58-year-old former butcher, to form Belgium's 25th government since the war was a step toward resolving the immediate situation. But even if he succeeded in forming a cabinet, and that seemed doubtful at week's end, few thought he would be any luckier than his predecessors in solving the thorny "community problem," the name which Belgians give the power struggle between the country's Flemish- and French-speaking areas.

The parliament that was voted into power last December was given a mandate to push through constitutional reforms which would split Belgium into a three-part federation consisting of Flemish Flanders, French-speaking Wallonia and "bilingual" Brussels, the capital. But any reforms would need a two-thirds majority and the chances of mustering that appear thin, given the antagonism and mistrust which have greeted every recent attempt to produce an acceptable deal.

If anyone can do it, Vanden Buergharts may be that man. Since the October emigration of former premier Leo Tindemans, which precipitated the November elections, he has headed a caretaker administration and—as the minister-general named, and others attempted in vain to put together a cabinet—sifted tensed to affairs. He dispatched Belgian paratroops to Zaire following reports of further unrest there and ruled that Belgians would buy Hewlett-Packard machines as part of its commitment to NATO. As a result his caretaker team was credited by ordinary Belgians with working far more smoothly than any regular government.

But neither of those decisions bulks large against the linguistic problem and the economic and social pressures—industrial decline and unemployment up to more than twice the non-per-cent national average in Wallonia, fears of cultural domination in Flanders—

Taking the nuisance out of prostitution

Dancer Wilde would have refused the irony of it. On the poem dramatist's conviction for homosexual offences in 1895, London prostitutes danced in the street outside the court at the Old Bailey. Last week in Westminster a 'protection of prostitutes' bill designed to abolish prison sentences for soliciting and is often said to ease the lot of the oldest profession was brought for its first reading by none other than Messrs Colquhoun, Laborer for Northampton North and a self-proclaimed dave.

Ms. Callaghan, who caused upset in her local Labor party organization in 1971 when she left her husband and three children to set up home with another woman, filed almost equal claims in the Commons from at least five white defendants as she sought to support her case. Many psychiatrists accept that prostitutes are in

oldest therapists in the world" was declared. The protest laws were urgent, she stated, because a woman-price collector of an offence was therefore organized by the term: common prostitute. Many people might think as street nuisance—personal skeletons, drunks or religious activists. It was only the period social hypocrisy of the Greek that would end prostitution or stoning as an offence.

Her speech brought in a cultural from the right-wing Little W and fundamentalist preacher, Ian Paisley, who declared that the bill would undermine love "of the very heart of life itself... of our society... I want



Helen Buckingham, the threat was lifted

to stand for the protection of all women
folk," he thundered. But laughter erupted
when he vowed that the bill would be a
'bright light' for many.

London's reputation for street art was lauded—at least on the surface—in 1968 when it was made illegal to solicit publicly. The Soho district, whose alleys, passageways and doorways once harbored a variety of talent, Miesler's pastimes: Shepherds Market and the broad roads flanking Hyde Park were crowded almost over-

Instead, needs began appearing in newsgroups' windows and were decreased pinned to hotel doors, offering such services as "French lessons, expert liaison." Sometimes there would be cryptic notes, long like "strict discipline," readily explained by those of more exotic tastes. Co-

gill networks multiplied and many independent agency provided ancillary services. The 1993 Palomo scandal involved a sophisticated web of underground sexual services when call girl Christine Keeler was found to have shared her favors with Tory War Minister John Profumo and a Soviet embassy attaché.

These filibusterous days, some voting Arab submissions are reported to offer \$2,400 a night, but politicians on both sides of the Commons have been suffering sleeplessness for a different reason lately. Helen Buckingham, an outspoken campaigner for her fellow therapists threatened to name some very high placed names in the church among other places if the bill did not proceed.

Giving the vote in favor of abortion and the fetus was lifted. You could hear the release of pent-up breath clear from Suba to Park Lane.

Carol Kennedy

which a new leader will have to address urgently

Most Belgians were pleased when the political parties met last year in Brussels' Royal Palace to sign a pact restoring the principle of a federal state. But the underlying race resentment has not disappeared. The Flemish, the majority of minorities in each side, consider 500,000 francophones live in Flanders and a similar number of Flemish speakers in Wallonia; and left the problem of Brussels largely unresolved. The capital is a strong focal point of tension. Both sides accept that the largely francophone city should form the third element in the federative structure discussed above. The Flemish worry that urban sprawl is spelling the death of francophones in the suburbs and the loss of their voice in Flemish. They insist that the Flemish character should be preserved administratively, while the French-speaking

Warden Reynolds: the heavy problem

newcomers are agitating for more franchisee facilities, schools, pool offices and other public services. So the push-and-shove game will continue—until someone, Vander Booyens, perhaps, blows the whistle. **Peter Lewis**

The U.S.

Get Mikey — he hates everything!

The snap and crackle of television advertising aimed at young children may be about to go pop. Last week in Washington, the Federal Trade Commission (FTC) started a month of hearings which are expected to determine whether it will ban all ads aimed at under-12s, prohibit only sugared cereal commercials or force junk food and cereal manufacturers to include nutrition

Simply grand ~ Grand Marnier



Grand Marnier.
Fine cognac with other lovely drinks.

tioned information in their sales pitch. More than 100 advertisers—many of whom have been warring with the advertisers for years—will testify before the commission rules this summer.

The stakes are high. More than \$600 million is spent each year on child-oriented advertising, and manufacturers' profits are many times that amount. There are more than 20 million children under 12 in the U.S., each of whose watches about 26 hours of television a week on average. The networks run 65 minutes of advertising every hour on Saturday morning, and it is estimated that young children are bombarded with about 20,000 commercials a year.

Opponents of the commercials say that week-end "infarad and deceptive" use of the first to testify, Peggy Chren, president of Action for Children's Television and a longtime crusader, said that children under 12 were unable to make reasonable consumer decisions and it was "unrealistic to expect self-regulation to cure the abuse." Another witness, Robert Chaikin, head of the Council on Children, Media and Marketing, recalled complaints that children cannot distinguish between cartoon shows and cartoon ads, and suggested that the ads should be distinguished by a border on TV screens.

So far, in a 16-month campaign, candy, cereal and toy advertisers have spent an estimated \$10 million in legal and public relations fees to persuade people that the government should "not become the nation's nanny." But while they have won small points during the hearings—a settlement conceded that it would be difficult to trace significant tooth decay to eating a single bowl of sugared cereal—their real scores have been in the legal maneuvering and in getting support from anti-regulation friends on Capitol Hill. So far they have managed to get new Chairman Michael Pertschuk disqualified from the proceedings because of his well-known views against the ads, and they are lobbying for a bill that would allow Congress to veto the FCC's decision.

For the moment, however, their opponents at least have the ear of the FCC. The hearing supervisor, Judge Morton Mendelsohn, said that while he is not convinced all such ads should be banned, he might favor some limits on ads aimed at two- to seven-year-olds. What's more, at least one TV network has made an attempt to discipline itself. ABC recently announced that it will be giving children's advertising in 30 per cent next year. That means one minute per hour of what even a cereal company executive called "the frequency, the bluntness and often the sheer silliness of so many of the commercials on a typical Saturday morning."

Catherine Fox

Sports

The lions in winter with thorns in their sides

It was finally set. A festive, nationhood crowd sat perched on white snowbanks. Muffled TV sets trained cameras on the Whistler section of the Whistler ski hill. It was Thursday morning and the chattering throng was waiting for the canary-yellow coat of local hero Dave Murray to burst over the top of the slope when a gale-swept's snarl-talker squawled—and the unthinkable word spread. Spectators and press sat at one another in disbelief. On this perfect, cloudless, windless day, the first-ever Canadian World Cup downhill race had been cancelled, and the only other slanting down the course that morning would be angry, the nation's race chief, Hugh McIlwain, barking over the radio: "Keep that goddamn jury there until I get down."

It was a bizarre ending to a World Cup week that just got canner and colder. It was a race that held all the promise of a fairy-tale, home-town ending to a triumphant 50-year season for the Canadian men's downhill ski team. Ken Read, 23, Dave Murray, 25, and Steve Podhorszki, 21, were standing fourth and tied for 10th respectively going into Whistler and had been located in Europe, which views World Cup racing as something akin to the Grey Cup, for their aggressive go-for-it style. But it wasn't to be. The race week was bedeviled by freshets, avalanches, three uncountable days of rain and average freezing temperatures that transformed a run from ideal on Saturday into an icy, pre-cipitous gun barrel by Thursday that would have tang riders down the mountain at speeds approaching 85 miles per hour.

At the bottom of the course, after frantically badgering the three-man American, Swiss and Italian jury, a race-checker John Green Eater told normally mild men's head coach John Stachurski. "They won't let the downhill go, but they've given us a no-go-to grand slalom for Friday." Angry kicking a black alpine jacket, Stachurski replied, "What they are giving us is a kick in the ass." Since all Canadian runners could move up in the World Cup standing with strong man Ken Read could have scored second) angry Canadian spectators

cried "politics." "Treason," countered European coaches and juries. "With the run the course became too fast and the safety was not there," explained Swiss head coach and jurist Rolf Heide. The opinion was pointedly backed by a meeting of the 15 top-seeded runners who voted a decisive 11 to 4 to junk the race. The heebie-jeebies, Austrian Ulrich Speiser, who needed points, and the three Cray Crazies. "It was a serious error, the result was perfect,"



surfed Dave Murray of Abbotsford, B.C., who had finished third at Lake Placid the week before and had wailed desperately to secure as his home mountain.

With the exception of the weather, villains in the piece are difficult to find. Many Canadian finger Federation Internationale de Ski (FIS) technical expert Heinz Kneek (also responsible for costing Ken Read his second winning race earlier in the season by disqualifying his moving cart) who had arrived the Saturday before the race and did not mention to race organizers that safety netting was required. Bearded Vancouver dentist and race chairman Peter Andrews, who administered the \$215,000 budget, insists most of the problems could have been corrected with a day's postponement. The jury disagreed.

Race workers particularly fear the cancellation will inhibit Whistler's proposed 1988 Olympic bid and feed the mountain's ascent jinx (the only other Canadian World Cup downhill attempt was rained out in 1970). Although by Friday noon Canadian organizers accepted the cancellation as the proper move, the mood of Canadian racers was anti-European and was summed up by the hairy Norse volunteer who, having heard that the race was cancelled, threw his shovel down beside the mud-soaked run and muttered passionately, "The chickens..." Thomas Hopkins



Dejected downhillers after cancellation
what they got was a kick in the ass

When Toronto journalist **Meaghe Wynne** set out to write a biography of **John Bassett**, she naturally called the famous broadcaster, ex-publisher and former owner of the Toronto Argonauts and asked for an interview. He turned her down, boasting into the phone (Bassett he slammed it down) "I'm writing my own memoirs." Actually, he has appointed his attractive wife **Isabel**, a television personality at CTV, the Toronto station owned by Bassett, to be his official biographer. Her political publisher, McGraw-Hill & Stewart, would like her to bottle something out before **Sigbee's** book is published. But so far, Isabel confesses "I haven't written a word." However, she has, at great expense, hired a researcher and set down her life for several, yes, tape-recorded chats with her 55-year-old husband/owner/subject. A woman with an impressive amount of self-confidence, 35-year-old Isabel says she knows the book ahead of time "I'll be defend to talk about certain relations ships he's had—but she figures she's up to it. And what if, at the end of all the work, her big-shot husband does not agree?" "If we end up arguing about it, then of course it won't be published at this time."

At 49, she is still the world's most elegant gamine—and surely the most elusive. **Audrey Hepburn**, back on the screen to star in *Bloodies*, the movie based on author **Sally Field's best-selling novel, reluctantly agreed to a handful of interviews to publicize her movie but steadfastly refused to talk about her personal life. Back in 1960, after a seemingly effortless career as Hollywood's romantic princess, Hepburn dropped out of the celebrity racket to marry Italian psychiatrist **Andrea Dotti** and live a life of domestic bliss, which included eating all the pasta she could and never getting fat. She surfaced in 1976 to star with **Sean Connery** in *Robin and Marion*, then disappeared from public view until agreeing to make *Bloodies*, which also stars **Jessie Nelson**, **Ben Gazzara** and **Omri Katz**. Hepburn plays the sole heiress to a multimillion-dollar pharmaceutical fortune who, in her Geneva, Switzerland, mans through various arrests in New York, Rome, Paris and Munich pursued by a killer. Hepburn even did a few of her own stunts for the film, which won her raves from Director **Thomas Young**. "She's absolutely fearless in tricky situations." At the same time, he says, she manages to look terrified. "No one plays vulnerable ladies better than she does."**

Hepburn: Fearless in tricky situations

In many other countries around the world she would be an object of pity, but because of the good old North American male's breast fixation. **Cherilyn** (73-27-35) **Morgan** rolled (crowled?) into Toronto's star. During her two-week stint at a downtown bar-league theatre, she did little more than stand around, display her perpetually pendulous (ahem) right, round cheeks and provide materials between such hot films as *Black Leather*. But something about Cherilyn attracted a lot of attention. Her picture was plastered on the walls of many downtown offices and her presence was even the subject of several sticky interviews. A Polish immigrant who is married to an anglo in baseball's National League, Cherilyn picked up \$3,000 for her "performance." Despite her obvious attraction as a freak, the middle-aged mother of two succeeded herself a new life status in the world of celebrity. "It's like being president of the United States—all the people I meet and the places I go." And her act is higher class than most. "I

Morgan's interview and *Black Leather*

don't take off all my clothes. I like to leave some things to the imagination." As **Jack Paar** once introduced **Jayne Mansfield**, "Here they are."

Apart from the fact that he has a dimple in his chin exactly like his famous sister sister's, **Bruce Murray** apparently has a voice going for him as well—not quite as soft and sweet as **Grumpy**-voiced **Anna's**, but getting there. The 36-year-old contemporary pop singer has just released his debut album with Columbia called *There's Always a Goodbye*. With music reminiscent of **Dave's** successful blend of sentimentality, the album, says Murray, contains a lot more of himself than did his first not very successful attempt three years ago put out by Quality and produced by his sister **Ann**. Bruce has toured across the country and has been the warm-up act for **Olivia Newton-John** and **Dan Belton** when they were in Canada. Bruce is a dancer and piano



lessons. Bruce works out in a gym and uses to stay in shape for marathons. Being Anna's brother, he reflects, has had its advantages and disadvantages. In the beginning, he was "a comedy" but now "it's a drag because after the first look, the press says, 'Prove yourself.'"

From a collage of these wonderful folks who brought you *Little Nipper of La Croy* (the U.S. Army lieutenant who was responsible for the death of 32 airplanes) to *My Lu* (a 1968) and the Christmas short-stinker of 1973, *Santa Claus* ("Good King George" was the title of the song and *Let's Sing*), now comes *80's Kid* **Jim Jones**, a poly little devil in reggae-style about the Mr. Nice Guy who ousted more than 200 people in Jonestown to do themselves in with a rum-soaked soft drink last November. **Gayman** composer **Nicky Potter** was deluged when his single was sold out within two days after it was released

on the be-jungled South American nation last month. **Ken Porter** is casting his eye toward the North American market. Surely, then, in some faraway Tin Pan Alley, an enterprising 80's hit is maturing about the royalties that could accrue from *Shah, Badi and Roll*. Or some fervid Ugandan is working up a version of *Shah* **Mr. Dodo**, *Roll* to the *Star* **Wittan** **Shah** should be living at this hour. English has need of this!

When it comes to hockey, TV's **Boy** **Wince** **Van Patten** is charmingly ignorant. In Montreal recently to star in a Canadian film called *Yesterday*, Van Patten played an American student with a draft deferment who attends McGill University and does all sorts of fun Canadian things like falling in love with a French-Canadian girl (played by Quebec actress **Chloë Piquette**) and playing hockey with his

Van Patten: fun things like riding in love

Below students. The on-screen fishing in love came more easily than the skating. Van Patten, who is also a pro tennis player, trained for 20 days for three or four hours a day. He had never been on skates before. Just lurching up, he said, took him 45 minutes. One scene called for Van Patten to fall and slide into the boards (he calls them "walls"). "I hit them as hard I almost dislocated my shoulder. On film it looks like I'm in pain, and I was. I was really hurting when I did that shot. I thought that was the end of my tennis career." Vince was gone enough to allow that he had hockey "is not new" but predicted without much doubt that he would not have much of a chance to exhibit his board-crushing skills back home in California.

Progressive Conservative leader **Joe Clark** feels he was unfairly maligned by the press during his recent Around-the-World-in-Eighty-Days trip. He can take heart in the knowledge that the good fellow who organized the London, Ontario, Kinross Music Festival are waiting over his reputation. It seems that one of the congratulatory submissions for the Grade 4-6 elementary school choir category was a little ditty called *Old Joe Clark*, a song about a Tennessee hillbilly with such politically sensitive lyrics as:

Round and round, old Joe Clark
Round and round I sing,
Round and round, old Joe Clark.
I was not long to stay.

With an election apparently just around the corner, the festival committee members felt the tune was not in good taste, so they took it off the nominations list and made it an option. Joe Clark will no doubt sing more easily tonight.



More than the price is wrong

Faced by shortness and mismanagement by Musk, most traders of the supermarket aisles are happy to emerge from the ordeal of shopping with bags unbroken and enough change for a *National Enquirer* Outrage in left for the aisles of the Ontario Food Commission into discounting and allowances in the Food Industry, which this week edges itself into fourth week of bargaining. But if early trends are any portent, the commission may well go

Rafanay dominates one-third of BC and 60 per cent of Alberta, chains strong-arm producers into offering the same competitive discounts. The producer then simply builds the discount into his price; the consumer never sees the "savings." As David Marley, president of the Grocery Products Manufacturers of Canada, told the Ontario commission, "The retailer is increasingly the sole arbiter of what products will be offered to the consumer, thus making

of wholesalers that find its way to the store, then he engages Starbrite Sales Ltd., a Vancouver firm that finds shelf space for clients. "The chain was a three-per-cent volume rebate and a two-per-cent advertising allowance straight off," the commission man complains. Further east, a fruit juice manufacturer says retailers have started asking for a three-per-cent cash discount. Yet to challenge buyer demands, the complainants, it is to court removal from a store's shelves. And as one Thomas J. Lupton Co. executive warns, "once you're denied, you're dead."

Not all companies heed the chain's directives. Andrew McLane, a vice-president for McLean Foods Ltd., whose father is known as the "Billy Graham" of the food industry, refuses to pay any



Grocery sales and McLane's McLane, after the Billy Graham of the food industry



the way of its sister inquiry four states away in British Columbia which—two years and \$10 million later—has little to show for its efforts.

That would be the shame. "There's no question things are going on in this business, and that retail buyers possess an enormous power," says one food industry insider. At issue is an estimated \$450 million in discounts and rebates paid to major retail food chains by processors and manufacturers as volume payments to buy more of their goods, pay quickly (and in cash), feature their products in chain-wide newspaper advertisements and make room for new products on already bewilderingly crowded shelves. What began as a good idea—75¢ cut \$50 from the price of hot turkeys if you'll put them next to the register—has mutated thoroughly. Haggling some 65 per cent of the Canadian food market (McLane and Rafanay share 40 per cent of Ontario while

the consumer's freedom of choice and, ultimately, determining which manufacturers will stay in business." Or as Bob Ross, a former Weston Group executive turned processor, puts it, "We all settle out with three or four processors and the independents end up soaking paid water."

It's an ugly scenario, fraught with vested interests and a fear of reprisals that has made victims with hard facts about as talkative and forthcoming as a carton of eggs. Discounts can range from six per cent of an invoice to the 15 or nearly 30 per cent demanded of some smaller bakers and dairy producers in B.C., a midwestern producer hit hard by low-priced Oriental imports says his personal ethics are crumbling under pressure from chain buyers to the point where, for \$200 a month and a free case

when a listing for "Why? We want to control our own destiny." But David Marley, whose 50-man manufacturer association includes McLane as a member, says that 25 of his members who refused to pay listing fees were cut off. "Many manufacturers are labeled 'non-cooperating,'" McLane says, "and that costs you business." Yet it is difficult to him discounting outright, and any solution short of tougher monopoly laws would unfairly squeeze other producers or retail chains, whose after-tax profits are less than two per cent of sales. "Do you think there should be retail price controls?" asks Rodney Hall, counsel to the Ontario commission. "Do you want a self-policing industry council? Do you want to leave things as they are? Maybe there's a way you can advantage the small retailer—maybe beer and wine

for the little store?" Amidst the confusion and the complaints, there is as far the renaissance that very few of the dinosaurs are in any way consciously litiged. The B.C. committee ruled the same conclusion seven months ago, at which time it awarded "Storco" its vice-president, Cyril Kestel, said he felt "very pleased." The food industry is a pretty nice industry." Nice or not, nine months later, RCMP investigations into the B.C. food industry may result in charges being laid in the impending future. The complaint? Suspected secret commissions and kickbacks from food suppliers.

Don Brown/Executive Focus

Three years on the shelf

The reviews, not surprisingly, were mixed. When it comes to national policy, Canada's publishing industry spends with almost as much held suggestions like (fill in the blank) "It would not like to have been in his shoes," said Jack McLennan, of McLennan and Stewart Ltd. "He's dealing with shifting sands and a wide variety of opinions." Playing that man for all

lenses last week was Secretary of State John Roberts with a three-year, \$20-million seed-money program to make Canadian publishers more competitive with U.S. press groups that carry off bits of Canadian minds and bags of Canadian money. Today, Canadian publishers have a publishing 18 per cent of the approximately \$600 million spent annually on books in Canada. Seventy-five per cent of books sold in Canada are imported and three-quarters of those are American. Original books by Canadian writers account for only 10 per cent of sales.

The new program's first year gives \$5 million for book development assistance (31 from the federal government for every \$4 from an eligible Canadian publisher). \$7.5 million in text-book subsidies, \$50,000 for marketing and distribution. "There's not another shoe I'm ready to drop," Roberts told a Toronto news conference, adding brightly: "But this is not the end."

Many in publishing see it only as a first chapter. McLennan would have preferred tax incentives (something the Conservatives proposed last month), Glenn Wintner, who produces a publishing newsletter called *The Canadian Book*, wants publicity and sales strategies. "Madison Avenue and Bay Street know what it's all about; the Sec-



Roberts, not another shoe ready to drop

retary of State doesn't." For James Lorrimer, of James Lorrimer and Co., the unsolved problems are ownership and distribution (too few Canadian paperbacks on drugstore racks). "What we really need is structural changes—and I'm the least opinionated." The rest say "Well, what can we expect but optimism?" Or perhaps, as some suggest, the program is merely compensation for the three-year removal Jan 31 of the 10-per-cent tariff on imported U.S. books. That move, says McLennan, was "just house-keeping." Behind the scenes there's a big hat being worn in Washington.

Canada, however, does have a small bit of its own, the Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA), which must approve ownership of Canadian subsidiaries when one U.S. firm takes over another. Gulf and Western Industries bought Simco and Schreiber in 1976 and a FIRA-backed court decision was awarded only when the Canadian subsidiary was bought by General Publishing Co. A 1977 joint venture, McLennan and Stewart-Rafanay Ltd., was engineered by FIRA and the Secretary of State after Rafanay Inc. of New York was bought by Italy's ITI International. Cabinet's new designations of publishing as a "key anchor" (so lacking to this program means FIRA has even better guidelines, Roberts claims. "It's not suggesting a back-pedal—but future development will not be in the hands of the U.S." Majority Canadian ownership reduces some unknown distance in the future but, then, expectations are limited. Says Patry Aulais, president of the approximately 100-member Association of Canadian Publishers: "I don't think at the end of the three years that Canada's publishing industry is going to be much different from today." The words will be English and French still, but the spill will continue to come from other lands.

Roderick McQueen

Market tipster in the stocks

Two years after sentence was handed down in his absence, C. Vincent Myers 66, author financial analyst and founder of *Outlook* magazine, is finally serving a two-year term for evasion of taxes on \$2.3 million in personal and corporate income. But the man once described as having the mind of a doctor has it abroad with his *Money*, *Princeton* and *Living* newsletters from Alberta, Ontario and Ontario. His words, it is said, have made Washington and he walked into Calgary's Royal Alexandra Centre this year, selected to be an appointee and the first invited to sit on the appointee and the first invited to sit on the appointee and the first invited to sit on the appointee.

Last month he abandoned his efforts to appeal and moved his office to Denver. He began only nine years at declining to be secretary Myers works in England. That takes a lot of time. "He says," said I've I have a lot of time.

His interests—to subscribers who pay \$125 a year for his opinions on gold and silver prices—have been fairly denigrated for a 27-month court sentence. He is a temporary resident of some \$4 million in gold bought by Myers for Americans who

were I then permitted to look gold. The largest case also saw solvencies at least a 40-gallon dose containing \$37,000 in gold coins in a dump, which was by Myers' ingestion and threw out during a case clearing. His advice from behind bars? Don't buy any currencies, get rid of Canadian dollar investments, gold will hit \$200. Meanwhile, after years of expensive litigation, Revenue Canada will have it all. The latest news, after all, is that currency of interest, not gold.

Roderick McQueen



Myers is just full of time to watch currencies sink and the metals soar



Barriers in the free-trade mind

Continental headlights flickered when *The New York Times*, one of America's most respected journals, reported last week that Canada and the United States had taken "a significant step toward establishing a North American free-trade zone." But, like Mark Twain's death, the report seems to have been an exaggeration. Canadian trade negotiator Jesse Warren did indeed meet Robert Strauss, his American counterpart, for secret talks

Chretien (left) and Strauss: equal shares of free pain that bridge glass was



in New York on Feb. 23, as the *Times* reported. Finance Minister Jean Chretien was also there to add weight to the proceedings, which formed part of the ongoing negotiations involving Canada, the U.S., and 94 other nations aimed at revising the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), the international rulebook for commerce. Strauss confirms there was discussion in New York of a package that could make 80 per cent of Canada-U.S. trade free of tariffs. The figure is not as astounding as it first appears. Seventy per cent of Canada-U.S. trade is already tariff-free, with automobiles the notable exception. While a hike in the proportion of duty-free trade to 80 per cent from 70 per cent would not be insignificant, it is far from the 20 per cent of tariff-protected trade standing in the way of a complete free-trade zone that would



prove difficult to budge. There are also major non-tariff barriers between Canada and the U.S. such as the Boy American Act that gives preference to U.S. goods in government purchases. This week, however, talks continue in Geneva.

The Americans are particularly anxious to reach agreement by early April when an omnibus trade bill is due to go before Congress, and as one member of the U.S. negotiating team said, "We are reaching the stage where political decisions have to be made and the Canadians have to realize they must share the pain equally with us."

In Canada, that pain offers pleasure to various groups and individuals who have long resented removing those barriers to form a Canada-U.S. free-trade zone. They include a Senate committee, the Economic Council of Canada, the C.D. Howe Research Institute and former Conservative leader Robert Stanfield. But no national political party has recently advocated free trade the memories of 1981, when the Liberals ran and lost on a free-trade platform, are still strong.

There are even roadblocks in the way of the move from 70- to 80-per-cent free trade in, for example, petrochemicals. Canada is in the awkward position of demanding free access to American markets for Alberta's petrochemicals while at the same time wanting to protect petrochemical plants in Ontario. The U.S. will not likely let Canada have it both ways. Another problem is customs valuation. In calculating the value of imported goods for purposes of assessing the percentage tariff Canada will not always accept the listed sales price. Instead, customs officers assess the "fair market value" of the items in order to weed out products sold at distress prices. It's a practice the U.S. wisely stopped.

Chretien and Strauss met again last week in Washington to discuss their differences. Afterwards, Chretien reported "great progress" to the press. While Chretien's silver liner played down the impact of the meeting on the trade negotiations, none sort of deal between Canada and the U.S. does appear imminent. But before a tariff or a non-tariff barrier is removed, the U.S. and Canada must first all down with their other trading partners, notably Europe and Japan, and after then the same concessions they have offered each other. (Under GATT's stringent rules, countries are not allowed to discriminate among themselves.) To date, Europe and Japan have demonstrated less willingness to consider concessions to Canada than the U.S. Free trade is not at hand, but free trade is in everyone's sights.

Ian Vigneault

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Press

From Maggie's diary to the Boys of Summer

Windsor Stadium April 18, 1977, and Alison Gordon is playing hockey from CBC radio's *As It Happens* where she works as national editor. Crisp family problems. Gordon takes the day off, parks her Toronto Blue Jay T-shirt, flies to New York, goes on the street and takes her seat five rows above the first day stand. Bottom of the ninth. The Blue Jays have played fearfully on the green blanket and only the shadows are starting to hit pitcher Dave Lemanczyk. Already, Reggie Jackson has struck out. The Yankees have made four errors and the Jays, packmen in a thoroughbred sport, are winning 5-1. When a red-coated popcorn seller finally looks down, points a finger at the offending T-shirt and says "not a word," the day is complete. Alison Gordon is hooked on baseball. "I just said to myself, 'I love this game,'" says Gordon. "I knew what the pitchers were doing. I knew what the batters were doing. I had an intuitive understanding of the game."

Less than two years later, but with considerable journalistic credentials behind her, Gordon has portrayed that

for the *Star's* City Magazine. Her friends, from parties to high-class politics to the five guys she played computer baseball with all winter, think it's grand. Gordon—who was born in New York City the daughter of King Gordon, one of the founders of the company, who never made it as a high-school cheerleader, who led peace vigils in the '60s and taught kids nonviolent action in Queens's Park, who helped design Pierre Trudeau's '68 election campaign and now spends her spare time volunteering for the SIV, who wrote a brilliant piece of literary Canadiana, called "Margaret Trudeau's Diary," for *Weekend Magazine*, April 1, 1978—is at the wall again.

And although women sportswriters are about as novel as pterodactyls these days, Gordon, 35 and single, is only the second woman in North America assigned to baseball on a full-time basis. Stephanie Salter, a reporter with the *San Francisco Examiner*, covering the Oakland A's, was the first.

Because Gordon finds it rather odd to be a marginal part of baseball history,



Gordon, old Gumb and Ludwig looking forward to the bottom of the ninth.

"understanding" into a full-time career, having been recently hired by *The Toronto Star* to split the Blue Jays beat with veteran baseball writer Neil MacNeil. There is little and at the same time everything, that surrounds her posting to the press box when the Jays open their 1978 season April 5 in Kansas City. Her detractors claim television and cite the fact that she has never covered sports, read the collected works of Granddaddy Rose or worked for a daily newspaper. She has, though, written several articles on the Blue Jays

like the first un-armed outfielder or the first pinch-hitting magnet, she plans to be cautious about her status. Although Peter Bavasi, the Blue Jays' president and a man who has made a gold mine from a platoon of pyrites, has assured her she will be given access to the Jays' clubhouse, it remains to be seen how the rest of the major-league teams will treat her.

"Sure it will be embarrassing the first time," said Gordon. "For them and me. But I just want to write well about baseball. And surely no one can be amazed for more than three days in a row that I'm a woman."

Joan O'Hara

STEPHEN LEWIS



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All dolled up



The Queen's Catcher's head and eyes

Written, that noble manuscript from **LE** Mattel whom we all learned to dress and lose, turns 21 this year. As toyland starts search the earth for a new look to fit her half-inch high-heeled slippers, see fingered creatures from the Canadian North is ripe for discovery. The loveliest goddess, Seal Woman, comes with a timely talent in this, the International Year of the Child, she is the traditional pretentress of all children.

For the next four months Seal Woman is under glass as part of the Royal Ontario Museum's current exhibit, *Dolls of Many Cultures* (to July 31), a Lilliputian Cook's Tour of doll traditions

that follows on to Montreal's McCord Museum in August. Assembled by the ethnology department, the 350 dolls, figures and accessories, are displayed thematically rather than by nationality, the coddlers and the courtiers separated from the religious masters. "The theme approach eliminates competition between nationalities and reveals the human elements which bind mankind together," says Dr. Helmut Pank, the ethnology department's curator. "The human-like effigy figure has always been used in the process of socialization of the child."

Learning the intricacies of a social situation by means of little figures is a

tradition far older than Barbie and Ken Parsons, as they fork out small fortunes this summer for a thread of string-braid and up-ordinated bush ball should draw comfort from knowing that their Barbie is merely the latest in a long line of "doll as role model." When the first Parisian evening capes arrived in India in the 1890s, the belles of Calcutta paraded their new fiery oh so early in their heads until the French fashion dolls, elegant and in the know, arrived to advise them to lower the capes to their shoulders. Similarly, the finely featured Hina dolls from Japan—figures of the emperor, empress and courtiers—are handed to young girls as



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Of course, for the prudent buyer charm is not enough. There is the investment aspect to consider: present and future, which is all the more reason to see Bayview Place. The sales office and furnished model suites are open Monday to Thursday from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m., Friday, Saturday and Sunday from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. on Cabot Avenue, south of Sheppard, one block west of Bayview. For more information call 223-7711.

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the annual girls' festival each March to teach them the rules of etiquette and the protocol of court.

The doll world is not all party dress and curts, figures of legend and religion are often adumbrates in miniature. A contemporary Kwakwaka' (Kwakwaka) Indian doll, the Child Stainer, is a two-faced cedar about three years on one side and grade children for its basket on the other. Last for interest is a common passion and few throat more aggressively than the Indian dolls of the Hopi Indians of the southwestern United States. Historically given as a reward of feathers, wood and skin, they are handed to children during religious ceremonies by masked adults impersonating supernatural figures and are sacred objects meant for study.

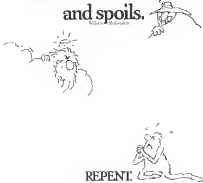
With the exception of kids suffering acute Hysteria and Grief complexes, the majority will find the contemporary fantasy dolls more to their liking. Otherwise in enchantment, these are custom ordered to tickle the imaginations of a generation weaned on the videoville of Kermat the Frog and Miss Pigg. Theatrical christenings like professional doll-maker Joanne Pratt's Devon Cather, a huge-eyed Morty Feldman sewerer who beckons to dreamers and gathers them in his cape for safekeeping, and Jane Huckle's Di-ploma, a may self-sculpture of an airborne bird Sures with two gaily cute dangling with great beavers from the wings of his flying machine—these get the giggles.

The doll as toy, as a playmate for its owner, is a category easily overhauled by the theatrics of the next, but it is this group that pulls the heart along with the eye. The gentlest creations, they are transfused with the tenderness of each generation for the next, waves and whittled by those who remember being "so little that crows can reach to whisper in your ear"—a footless form fashioned from wire as a doll for a Korean child 1,500 years ago, a small twig figure wrapped in cotton for a Bushman plaything, a wild and woolly distortion in red called Uncle Remond, modeled by a Quebec mother from a scribble by her three-year-old son. These are the ones that tug.

And Seal Woman—the goddess transformed from the bride girl who was thrown off an ice floe while fishing with her father and had her fingers cut off by him as she started to hold on. She reigns over the collection, guarding these castaways of dung and nuts and silkworm cocoons like some Arctic Peter Pan wailing off snowbrowsers. And should the sticky finger of toyland late choose another creature for commercial success, she will breathe a sigh of relief. This year, like every year, she's busy protecting children.

Ann Johnston

The man that hath no music
in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord
of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems
and spoils.



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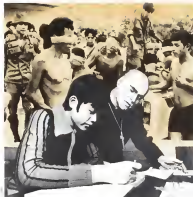
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IN THE AIR



Religion

An extraordinary gesture by an 'ordinary parent'

After her sister and brother were murdered by the Khmer Rouge regime and his parents died in a forced-labor camp, Ton Hant, a 16-year-old Cambodian boy, escaped through the dense, uncut jungle to a refugee camp in Bangkok, Thailand. There, living in crowded wooden barracks surrounded by barbed wire and patrolled by armed guards, he endured two endless years of inactivity waiting for a ticket to the outside world. That ticket to freedom came last December, when a letter arrived from Ottawa's Archbishop Joseph Plourde, asking if Hant would like to come to Canada and live as Plourde's son.

There, his extraordinary occurred early last month, when the grieving Roman Catholic archbishop travelled to Bangkok to meet Hant, now 17. There, in the dusty camp, were formed the roots of a unique father-son relationship, as the 60-year-old cleric, known for years to parishioners simply as "Father," clasped hands with the boy and was suddenly "Papa."

Plourde arrived at his decision only after much prayer and thought. "At first I said, this house is too restrictive

to raise a teen-ager," he says. Such hesitation was understandable. The dreary, grey-stoned church residence which houses 12 guests and two male university students is void of women, except for the nuns working in the basement kitchen. Plourde hopes that co-refugees with his sister and soon once a week will compensate for the all-male environment. Perhaps most importantly, Plourde has the help of Gaston Solfer, wife of the U.S. ambassador to Canada, who has been assisting refugees for eight years and personally selected Hant to come to Canada with the archbishop. Even now they all keep in close touch. "He calls me 'Mummy' in his grandmother," she says fondly. "I love him and he's very attached to me."

Plourde also worried about the religious atmosphere of the residence. Hant was born into the Buddhist faith and was later baptized a Protestant at the refugee camp. The archbishop is determined not to influence Hant and so, each morning at 7 a.m., while Plourde does his clerical, musical and sewing work, Hant goes to the nearest room to work out. Says Plourde: "When the time comes, if he's interested in religion, he will make his own choice."

The refugee problem, Plourde says, hit him to "the depth of my soul." Some brotherhood was made last December, when the Canadian quota on South-east Asian refugees was raised to 5,000 for 1978, tripling the former monthly rate of immigration from Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. But Plourde thinks that number could easily be raised to 10,000 and has already met with federal officials to discuss the issue. Ironically, despite this being International Year of the Child, Plourde can expect little support from the Canadian YOC across the United Nations movable embassies that such countries maintain on helping its own children first. Even though Hant is not yet legally adopted, Plourde hopes bringing him to Canada will be an example for other Canadian families to adopt refugee children.

Hant, meanwhile, is quickly adapting to Canadian ways and mannerisms, and clearly enjoying the attention of being a minor celebrity. "The very happy, very happy to be in Canada," he says, smiling and speaking rough, broken English (as he speaks French). His first day here he was out skating, and falling, on the Rideau Canal, and he and Plourde were fast becoming equal as Ping Pong. Says Plourde: "What he needs most of all is someone who cares. Someone who can guide him. That's what he expects of me. That's why he calls me 'Papa'."

Julianne Labrecque

The land of milk and honey and box tops

There's a land of missionary and John West. Beverly Foster, Saint John, New Brunswick, food, like most Canadians, with sparkling food bills, she suddenly became a hero again overseas last summer when the head chef, Mary Anne Hayes, a Labrador, New Jersey, housewife who managed to share hundreds of dollars from her grocery budget simply by cutting it in on the coupon and refund offers stores and manufacturers regularly make.

Since then, having successfully mined the supermarket shelves herself, she has started a coupon exchange club—year old food for my treats only—and Foster has also launched a mini-campaign to tell others about her good fortune. After spreading the word recently on Saint John radio station CROC's phone-in show, she received 58 calls from intrigued housewives. "I don't buy anything unless there's a refund or coupon on it," she says. "I figure if it's a way of cutting down on grocery bills, I'm going to do it."

What Foster has discovered is a marketing technique that is the United States has blossomed into a \$6-billion business. To persuade consumers to sample new products or switch allegiance from old ones, manufacturers—and sometimes stores—offer cash or coupons or refunds. Usually they reap from a few pennies off up to refunds of a

dollar or more and apply to such items as canned and packaged foods, soaps, toothpaste, diapers and sanitary goods. Most shoppers spend the offers—or at least dabble in them only tentatively—but for those who persevere there, the rewards can be spectacular. New Jersey's Mary Anne Hayes, for example, has become the belle of the coupon set, a legend in the supermarket sales, by saving \$2,500 in coupons and refunds last year. "I have a family of four," she told *Maclean's*. "When I go shopping I bring back \$60 or \$70 worth of groceries each week, but when they subtract my refunds, it only costs me \$10." A New York City woman, Susan Deaton, has also won renown for having once secured \$330.28 worth of groceries on a cash outlay of just \$7.07 and another time \$117.84 for \$17.37.

Such housewife aren't possible in Canada—the offers aren't as plentiful or as generous as in the U.S. Still, Foster estimates she saved \$90 with coupons and refunds between August and December last year and feels that if more Canadians got interested in refunding, manufacturers would inevitably expand the offers. "People just don't realize they're throwing money away," she says.

Nevertheless, a publication called *Budget Reader*, started last fall by two staffers of *The Montreal Free Press*, is aimed precisely at telling Canadians that, as last October's first edition put it, "they have a gold mine in their

backpacks in the form of box tops and labels." The monthly, which this month becomes a newsletter available only by subscription, lists refund offers, free recipes and helpful hints, contests and advice on such discounts again as hair care and frozen foods. Of the current refund potential in Canada, *Budget Reader* says, "I think if you had the information at hand and kept all the money you got back, you could probably save \$250 to \$300."

There's a definite market for *Budget Reader*—if one started in the U.S. last year by Mary Anne Hayes is any indication. Her *Dollars Daily* has grown from 100 copies sent out to friends to a monthly circulation of 50,000.

While most housewife-refunders are seeking direct savings on groceries (a need explained by the Consumer Price Index, which shows food costs up a full two per cent in January), there are exceptions on the home front. Gloria Savane, a Montreal grandmother, has for years used refunds to buy the postage stamps that fuel her penchant for entering contests. Savane has won three other prizes, about \$2,000, trips, a bicycle and a cornucopia of lesser household items.

So what does it take to be a big-league refund player? Patience in shopping, says Anne Leslie, and a willingness occasionally to wear off loved items (clothes and expenses) with new and different products. But don't, she cautions, buy anything you wouldn't use just to get the refund that defrays the purchase. Most importantly, the refunder must become a diligent collector of labels, box tops, even whole packages against the day when the right offer comes along. In her case, says Leslie, she brings garbage out twice a week—two-thirds "which produces one more benefit: 'I'm a good recycler'."

David Feistler



Education

Wailing and dealing in the halls of academia

Early next June, some 45 students at Ottawa's St. Patrick's College will don black academic robes and mortarboards and march in solemn procession across Carleton University's campus. As beaming parents watch, they will hear two brief and simple homilies before receiving degrees in subjects that range from criminology to the liberal arts. The same ceremony will be enacted at each of Canada's 68 universities. But at St. Patrick's, after 47 years, it will be the last time. St. Pat's is failing, the first—but not the last—victim of a sharp drop in enrolments that has university administrators and professors across the country fearful for their jobs.

The business of post-secondary education, Canada's most honest industry, 30 years ago, is slowly sinking. There are not enough kids to fill the classrooms and there is a growing realization that a good education no longer guarantees a good job. For the beleaguered administrator, there seems to be no remedy in sight.

It has to do with numbers. Just after the Second World War, a huge but temporary surge in Canada's birthrate—the post-war baby boom—began to sweep in turn through the elementary, secondary and post-secondary schools, forcing the education system to expand immensely. But the crest of that wave

has now passed, and it has left schools stranded with too much space, too many teachers and too few students.

Elementary and secondary schools have been struggling with the problem for five years. Now universities face it. Every province in Canada, recorded a drop in full-time university enrolments this year except for Quebec, where universities have expanded more slowly.

Ottawa is typical. In 1962, when its universities were asked to estimate enrolments for the following decade, the prediction was for 58,000 students in 1971. In fact, there were 134,000, and that number grew to 162,000 in 1976. By comparison, this year 115,000 full-time students signed up for classes.

The crisis for universities lies not just in having fewer students but in having less money. Universities are almost totally dependent on government grants—and the grants depend on enrolment. Each first-year student is worth an average of \$2,600, and the competition for bodies is becoming so fierce that the Council of Ontario Universities, for instance, found it prudent this year to waive graduate housing "inappropriate" prices of student recruitment. That means no telephone campaigns to solicit students, no waving and dining coupons, no, no high-profile advertising. But the rules may be hard to enforce. The financial burden of

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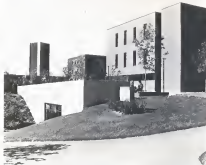
Winner Service. Foster Leslie right, mine supermarket shelves with care



declining enrolments is not evenly shared: smaller schools suffer more than large ones, and while students are deserting the liberal arts in droves, the professional faculties—medicine, business, engineering—have more applicants than they can accommodate.

There is a second aspect to the university dilemma: education has traditionally been regarded as the way to get a good job, but many students now see that as no longer always valid. Says Dr. David Brown, director of planning analysis and statistics for Carleton University: "Students seem to be disillusioned with university education. They're avoiding the faculties of arts and sciences and are more interested in the vocational areas, because they think that's where there will be jobs."

As Canada's 962,112 full-time university students prepare for year-end exams, getting a proper job has become the major campus preoccupation—and with good reason. "It's simple mathematics," says Brian Sloane, a recently graduated lawyer now attending with a Toronto firm. "There are 15,000 lawyers in Ontario and 1,000 new graduates every year. If every new lawyer is going to get a job, it means every practicing lawyer will have to be replaced within 12 years. That isn't going to happen. Some of the people I went to school with



aren't going to get jobs." And that conclusion applies to almost every academic discipline: there simply aren't enough jobs to go around. Statistics Canada estimates that by 1990 there

will be 580,000 new graduates looking for work with only 150,000 high-skill jobs available.

If the job squeeze is turning students off the liberal arts, it is turning them on

St. Patrick's College closes after 67 years: the first to go, but not the last.

to technical and vocational courses. More than one-third of all post-secondary students are now "technics." Community colleges are booming. Many have waiting lists, and a few brag that they reject three applicants for every one accepted. Again, Ontario is typical. Nearly every university in the province shows a decline in enrolment this year, but every community college reported an increase. Says Claude Thibault, executive director of the Canadian Association of Universities and Colleges of Canada: "It seems there is a market for technical skills; there does not appear to be a similar market for intellectual skills."

The plight of the universities is likely to get worse. The drop in enrolment has been slight so far—about 4.5 per cent overall—but AUCU predicts it will go down steadily through the 1980s. "Within 10 or 15 years," says Thibault, "we expect enrolments will decline between 20 and 30 per cent."

Caught between falling enrolments and increasing costs, Canada's universities are looking hard for ways to raise money—without notable success. The University of Toronto, for example, is planning a corporation to peddle the inventions dreamed up by its professors. More traditional methods of raising money, like alumni fund drives, will provide only a fraction of the amounts needed. Cost-cutting measures are difficult to implement. About 40 per cent of a university's operating funds go for salaries, but raises and tenure—a system of recent contracts for professors—make it difficult to fire overpaid staff.

One source of income now being implored by the universities is the boom in "continuing education"—part-time studies for adults. Carleton University already has almost as many part-time students as full-time, as does Toronto's York University. Another possibility: a switch to more technical courses. But those measures are at best palliatives. Eventually, university programs will have to be cut substantially—even if that means firing some professors. Says Carleton's David Brown: "We've been trying to reduce costs without losing the quality programs. But within the next two or three years, some programs will have to be changed drastically or perhaps even discarded."

There is one small sign of hope. Demographers predict that around 1990 the birth rate will increase again. That will re-fill schools—but not universities, at least not before the rest of the century. Until then, the declining sector of the university system will continue. Inevitably, more colleges like St. Patrick's will close. William Dampier



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Science

Trust the Irish to find a new whey to drink



The Irish have always shown talent not just for taking a drink but for making their own. The impoverished smallholders of the west, with nothing to live on but potatoes, distilled a lethal brew from the humble vegetable—still widely made, despite the best intentions of the state.

Some 500 years ago, Arthur Guinness conceived the idea of rearing the barley before he tamed it into beer in his Dublin brewery and the resulting black liquid became virtually the country's national drink. But now a dairy—yes, a dairy—looks like it's leading them all in the unlikely liquor stakes. Carbery Milk Products in County Cork is making booze from cheese. The village of Ballisheen is the setting for what could be one of the most cheering technological breakthroughs the country has seen. Certainly the Irish, who, to the despair of farming houses, show a marked reluctance to eat cheese (it still carries the stigma of "barnyard food" from the time it was sold out in charity kitchens during the Great Famine), must be a bit more interested in this new by-product. The potential is enormous. Even though the business is seasonal, in that much more milk is produced in summer, the firm managed to produce 700,000 gallons of the hard stuff in its first year of operation. General Manager John Barry, 38, is satisfied he has commercial success on his hands. He expects eventually to produce 120 million gallons of alcohol and 11,000 tons of cheese a year from some 24 million gallons of milk.

The process, complex enough to deter amateurs, begins with the waste product from cheese-making—a watery liquid called whey (that's the stuff Little Miss Muffet was eating when she saw the spider). The firm extracts the protein from the whey, ferments and distills the residue and—primo—96 percent alcohol by volume which can be used as a base for manufacturing gin and vodka—even whiskey. The Carbery plant—the first in the world—was planned in consultation with Watney Mann and Irish Distillers, two of the biggest distillers in Britain and Ireland, who are also among the customers.

Before Carbery pioneered the process, whey was used only as animal feed—so the cattle's loss is the drinker's gain. If there's one thing the English hate producers in abundance, it is dairy products and now other dairies are showing an interest in the Cork operation.

Carbery's parent company, Express Dairies, delivers milk to a large proportion of Irish homes, which raises the possibility of having a dairy liquor delivered along with the milk. But John Barry says the firm has no plans to market the booze stuff. "There could be problems," he says. "For a start, I don't think you could just leave it sitting on the doorstep." In the meanwhile, Irishmen may look at these packets of chedder on supermarket shelves with a new and more appreciative eye.

Brendan Kennan



Music

Creating an industry to praise the Lord

The Lord has all the good tunes," John Wesley said. But a Thursday night service of a Christian Church on a Hill, a Toronto charismatic group that was the facilitator of St. Paul's Anglican on River Street, finds a 19-piece band on the chapel and dancers in the aisles. Members of the 200-strong congregation write all the music, sing and played—over 5000 songs in five years.

For a church singing, constantly frustrated with the "problematic" slowing of a hymn's tempo in the past of a Sunday morning service, the music of a Church on a Hill would raise as a spiritual liberation. Freed from the traditional eye-based-in-lyrical singing style by the straining of songs onto an overhead screen, the worshippers raise up their arms in praise and song. The service, vibrant and emotionally powerful, delights some, others feel that by removing the barrier between pulpit and congregation, the worshiper feels compelled to participate. Indeed, the shipwrecked firm can take the aisle now for fear of being plucked from his pew and twirled up and down the aisle by a beaming, peasant-shirted dancer.

The current religious revival in Canada is being accompanied by a resurgence in gospel music. Christians returning to the church want to worship while they worship. The born-again movement started in 1970 with the Nazareths (Aramites), preaching "Lord, come!" groups in California. Influenced

by apostle black gospel music, white middle-class Christians began using electric guitars and tambourines to create "Jesus rock" (immediately popularized in *Gettysburg* and *Jesus Christ Superstar*). Gospel music last enjoyed such wide acceptance in the '70s and '80s, though it has always retained its regional popularity. By 1972 it was becoming acceptable once again to admit to being religious, and the big U.S. gospel labels such as Word helped spread the local styles—a mix of pop, folk, country, rhythm 'n' blues, big band and traditional gospel sounds. About lastingly, big-time Christian music has arrived in Canada.

Gone are the days of strictly church-amenement spirituals, new Christian musicians now record at Master's Workshop, Doug McKenzie's twin 304/35 studio in Toronto. For the artist who needs funding, a good man to know is Paul Young, managing director of Pilgrim Records Canada. Funded by Pilgrim in England, Young recently put up more than \$15,000 in production costs for a single album—a huge amount for a religious disc. Young has all his recording done at Master's, which often sends the product to Stan Watney at Harmony Records for pressing. Watney knows McKenzie, of course, and everyone knows Young's a small but busy group of Christian businessmen. They have every reason to be. Harmony will print about 80,000 records this year, Pilgrim is into 80 per cent of the national Christian retail outlets in its first 18 months of operation, and McKenzie, after six years in business, has expanded to almost twice the size.

But the biggest success story is Crossroads Christian Communications Inc., producers of five religious television programs. Since its launch about 190 Highway Street began in June 1977, this

The sight of worship (above) and the sound of music at a Christian Church on a Hill holy rolling and records.



Two's company, three's a splash

One afternoon this winter, Tom Walker brought a colleague home to soak in the hot tub installed in the backyard of his Jasper, Alberta, home. It was nothing unusual for Walker, who dips daily after work. But when his wife, Chris, arrived home, she simply gaped at the men.

"How long have you guys been in there?"

"About an hour. Why?"

The two men hadn't noticed, between sips of wine, that their hair had frozen until it looked as if two sculpted hags' sticks were bobbing on the water's surface. The temperature was -41°C.

Sitting around outside in a barrel during winter months as inviting as the Wood of the Empress, but Western Canadians who have latched onto the last-lack lifestyle of hot tubbing claim the experience is gorgeous. A dripping tap sets them to rhapsodizing about the stimulating, invigorating, relaxing effects of fresh, crisp air and hot, bubbling water. Their reflexes are hyped; more and more westerners are taking to the tub for a morning wake-up, a noon quickie, a late-night wind-down. The fancy has caught on best in Calgary and Edmonton, but Jasper boasts four tubs, with another four planned, the town of Banff (population 7,000) has six, for a total of perhaps 110 scattered throughout the province and into Saskatchewan. Meanwhile, in the relative banana belt of British Columbia, sales are up anywhere from 50 to 300 per cent over last year. Vancouver lawyers and accountants are even having them installed in offices for intimate business conferences and after-work relaxation, and the B.C. branch of the Canadian Bar Association set up a temporary tub in the Big House Inn for a Vancouver symposium.

Jesus, Will Coulter (above) enjoys becoming, the whole party gets soaked (right). B.C. is off a bubble about its hot new craze.



Californians, naturally, were the first converts to the watery version of an addictive medicine. Like all myths, the origins of hot tubs are buried in obscurity, but there's nothing obscure about sales figures: one company's sales revenue amounted to \$5 million in the U.S. last year.

South of the border, tubs are most popular in the sun belt, but Canadians are harder. "It's new, it's luxurious, it's got prestige," says Calgary manufacturer Frank Herweiter. "And in Alberta's boom economy, people are generally looking for something to spend their money on." Actually, he adds, hot tubbing is a more sensible solution to winter than it appears at first splash. "There are a lot more things to do in California than lie in a tub. Here, you're searching desperately for anything to do in winter."

The manufacturers are working on that. They're aiming at the disposable income market, skidded by these aged 25 to 50, with tubs in the \$2,500 to \$5,000 range. But, for those wanting to long-frog the Joneses, installing a Supertub can cost \$10,000. Then there are the accessories: large hot towels, shelves that attach to the side of the tub, or rings for more bubbles, thermostats and floating air mattresses. But there's a counterbalance, too: the idiosyncratic building their own with do-it-yourself plumbing kits and an American-made paperback.

The idea is simplicity itself: a redwood or cedar container, ranging in diameter from three to eight feet, equipped with four or more circulating jets to swirl water heated to between



40°C and 46°C (in Jasper, B.C., a day keeps the tub heated with gas) to leave the wood "bleeding," the water quickly becomes tea-colored, and poorly constructed tubs seep. (Parents consider them a shame, but both problems can be reconvened by using Fiberglass.)

One-upmanship has overtaken the tub phenomenon. B.C.'s largest is a converted wine barrel, belonging to Adrian Woods of Victoria, that has held as many as 50 people. His claim will soon be overshadowed by a six-story 15-foot-tall built by a wealthy Edmontonian on the Saanich peninsula, north of Victoria—a multi-level tub to be installed in sections by helicopter at an estimated cost of \$20,000.

Tub bums regularly find it easy to cram 15 people into a four-foot diameter tub. "At parties, someone always ends up in the tub sooner or later," says Calgary's Debbie Wong. "We sit and sip wine and listen to music from speakers hooked into the tub's built-in Juke box, and relax." Rick Nyeck, 34, who moved from Vancouver to the hot tub, agrees: "They're fantastic. When we have a party, the wine flows, the glasses are set around the edge of the tub and people talk for hours. It allows everyone to be themselves." Families take a more pragmatic approach: Small boys have from hockey practice long willingly into a hot tub, a nurse, coming off shift at 11 p.m., shares a nightly before bed soak with her husband.

Sex might sell hot tubs, but that's not what most firecrackers are into them for. Protested says they can be added if they're uncomfortable—swimmers are optional. While some share with just about anyone, the more modest keep tubs, or friends. "My husband feels it would be like sharing his bathtub if guests put in," confirms one woman. But a man says, "Everyone at my house goes in without a nut, from the kids to my 63-year-old mother. No one feels

Calgary kids take the plunge: even at -40°C, you can't get 'em in from the coast.

awkward." Is a world that shares the hallowed atmosphere of mountain lodges, a subtle etiquette in evolving. The naked and the naked can mingle unless there are girls under 18 tabbing with older men. No unsolicited teaching. Don't break the wine glasses. And dry off before the dash to the house or you'll create a winter risk on the way. The added or the added reassured a roll in the snow to end the experience.

Bella claims the tubs usually the human need for togetherness, while the therapeutic effects are loaded by health-chin visions and the rhetoric. "The hot tub affords a person an intimacy that is rare in our society," says University of British Columbia psychologist and tub owner Dr. Robert Cherry. "It reduces stress by what I call the hot-tub ritual." But some physicians worry about finger growth on the dark, wet, waterhouse vitamins and the bacteria breeding ground provided by porous wood. "It's like sharing your bath water," grumbles Dr. Roberta Ungley of B.C.'s faculty of medicine. California reports data regularly and repeat infections associated with the tubs—and public tubs are generally frowned upon. B.C. has already set up stringent regulations for any proposed in hotels, motels and health clubs.

Tub treaders insist that with proper care and maintenance, the tubs are perfectly safe. They cite the case of San Luis Obispo, California, where a batch of skin rashes erupted at local health centres. "The rashes seemed to be associated with hot tubs on a hillside near a spring," says Greg Clark, director of environmental health in Santa Barbara County. "But it turned out people were going off into the bushes and getting into poison oak."

Suzanne Kwana/Dan Ramond

Les Grands Ballets' grand baby

The bidding hasn't yet opened for the film rights to the life story of ballerina Sylvie Kinal-Chevalier, but if and when it does, the Disney studio deserves the inside track. Where else has in Pantagruel would you not find this kind of fairy tale? Consider: In 1970, Brian Macdonald, then artistic director of Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, spots Sylvie Kinal, age 15, in a class at Les Grands Ballets' school in Montreal. Struck by her lyricism, he drafts her into the corps de ballet, youngest member ever. A year later, she becomes a demi-soloist, acquires her stage name and enters the International Ballet Competition in Varna, Bulgaria, where she overcomes cold-war ballet politics and reluctance on an outdoor stage (in the wee hours of the morning to bring home a Silver Medal in the junior women's category).

In 1977, a ripe old 17, she makes the jump from understudy to star in time-honored story-book tradition, inheriting the lead in *Romeo and Juliet* when the actress as Paul badly injures her ankle a scant two weeks before opening night. Commencing endless rehearsals and coaching from ex-Paul ("Why not? Same thing happened to me at 17") pay off. Sylvie is sensational. In 1978, it's a trip to Havana for the Cuban International Dance Festival where the ballet world celebrates Africa Aloha's 25th anniversary performance of *Goodie Byen* in this glittering company. Sylvie is noticed, discussed, approached. In 1979, she has starred in Les Grands Ballets' tour of Western Canada; she will be a headliner during its season at Place des Arts opening March 28, and will perform in Europe and New York later in the year. And in August, she will turn 20.

Sylvie Kinal-Chevalier is resolutely talented all on stride. Varna was "nice," Havana was "fun," not as much for her own performance but to witness Aloha's. "Her mad scene was amazing, my heart was pounding," she remembers. She's spare in what she says, matter-of-fact about her accomplishments and fully aware of the food work and pressure involved. As she discovers it all, she sits composed, sipping cappuccino in a hole-in-the-wall restaurant on Montreal's down-at-the-bush St. Lawrence



Boulevard—the very picture of a ballerina. Her legs are impossibly long and strong, her torso just yet supple, her long, silky blonde hair pulled back in a tight chignon sitting off an almond-

shaped face with a high, wide forehead and delicate chin. The eyes are direct, clear and sparkly blue. She has "lit" that presence, that room commanding aura.

King-Chevalier is withering at the 1976 International Ballet Competition 'who has that something you can't teach'

"She has that something you can't teach," says Ferdinand Rault, resident choreographer at Les Grands Ballets, and the man who created works for Kinal-Chevalier's performance at Varna (winning a medal of his own for choreography). "She radiates. Everyone notices it. She has a charm, a natural quality, she stands out." Brian Macdonald calls her "a theatrical animal." But only when discussing her contact with an audience does Kinal-Chevalier show signs of contentment, remembering vividly her first performance at Place des Arts: "It was wonderful. That first stage. It was spooky, mysterious. The audience is an inspiration, they make it more fun to dance. I can share what I feel with them. When it's not going well, you can feel them slipping away."

She "grew into" her career. Classes started at age 5, but only got serious at 10, though still not in a professional sense. "I just noticed I was always busy with ballet, but I liked it." She managed to maintain her grades, her dancing (Ukrainian folk dancing Saturday mornings) and a semblance of an adolescent social life all along. It won't, said Macdonald, assist her to join the company that she passed to look at the situation: "I hesitated. I hadn't really seriously considered dance. I'd been thinking about a career in meteorology. Joining the company meant not going to school [U.S. junior college] and university. And I didn't feel that confident. I wasn't sure I could blend in. Everyone was so much older." (She doesn't seem to have rattled any feathers within the company.)

Sparks bloom in the future for the baby of Les Grands Ballets: Macdonald, Nank and Laila-Laila Chouff (Les Grands Ballets' founder) all say she has the makings of a great one. "She'll have to work on her technique," agree Macdonald and Nank, and Annette ex-Paul thinks she may have to keep a close eye on her weight. All agree it's a matter of hard work, the right repertoire and the breaks. (The media "moving a hockey player off the page," says Macdonald.)

Sylvie is aware of it all. She works hard, makes a point of seeing people outside of ballet circles, runs around for the Montreal Association, wishes she could go skiing, but doesn't dare risk it, and wonders what it would be like to have a regular job. "It must be great to just come home and not have to take a hot bath, put a cold pack on a sore joint, or wrap it up in elastic bandages, or wash your muscles in Epsom." A quick grin, more sparkle in the eyes and she adds, "Guess I'll never know."

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Blood, flesh and tears a perfect news story make, but where's the brains?

By William Cassidorian

Canada's slow-growth apart, while CBC's The National spends our telebank for the following news item on Thursday, Jan. 26, a busy evening Toronto high school students was sliced in two by a truck on Highway 400 north of Barrie, Ontario. Four students were killed, 36 injured. The National ran a small, Pace had delivered a perfect TV news story. Gals Action. These One film crew gave us a close-up of a dead body and snow sprinkled with blood. One



and things they had not seen before. Some they liked and some they didn't. It was not that television produced or created any of it. Typical of TV's refusal to be responsible for news content, Brinkley's last sentence is a measure of truth. TV news is "created" through highly subjective criteria laid down by producers, reality is filmed and edited for reasons like "impact" and "pace" that have too much to do with their bit and not enough to do with what happened.

Newsweek says that violent battle footage every night on TV news sped US withdrawal from Vietnam, that TV coverage hastened black civil rights in the '60s. What do we crash burn? Joy, sorrow, shock, fear: these are the ingredients of TV news, a young producer couldn't do it. CTV and private stations swallow in tabloid courage. It's too late in Canadian history to let The National be so fastidious.

What might replace the bus crashes? Editorial opinion of violence would help

counter the incoherence of most news items. But CBC's upper management is scared to mutilation by opinion. Thus Viewpoint was piloted. Ditch CTV's Backgrounder. Peter Trueman and Rae Carrell of Global News try a brief personal essay every night so the kiddie to end the broadcast. Sometimes they state a political view. Audience response to this is, I believe, splendid. Intelligent opinion can be news. The National never permits it. Instead we get

Miss Duffy's Notebook, a morning caustic of controversy in which young Mr. Muscatelli Cheeks lost what happened last week and what's up for next week. Dump that, out the wire-cop suggestion called Anna Canada Today. Just radio with pictures. Why does not even one French-Canadian journalist appear on The National? He or she might deliver a twice-weekly diary about Quebec.

Are the present senior correspondents of CBC TV news capable of rigorous, lively opinion? What they formerly wrote. Yoko in Toronto for the CBC's year-end review, we observe gaily grey men nervously exchanging rapidly memorized scripts. Joe Schilling's script, these last-eyed duds display no hint for analysis to us. Yet. Knows. Such arises in an interview to just watch these boys add 10. Big now I remember Norman DePoe is his heyday, Elmer Fraser, James Elroy Ray, Fleming Cook speaks of peace, brimming with insight.

I want that quality of mind at the news desk. While two many corporate censors crowd the CBC news screen. To the Maclean's, delivering a personal opinion would be bad form, like breaking wind on camera. Away with such reporters, who might have inspired Roy Campbell.

You praise the few restraint with which they write—I'm sick you there of course. They are the mangle and the curb all right. But believe's the bloody horse?



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